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I N T R O D U C T O R Y A D D R E S S T O P A R E N T S .

Translated from the GERMAN of the
Rev. C. G. S A L Z M A N N .

ILLUSTRATED WITH FIFTY COPPER PLATES.
IN THREE VOLUMES.

V O L . I I I .

L O N D O N :

PRINTED BY J. CROWDER,

FOR J. JOHNSON IN ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

M,DCC,XCI.

E L E M E N T S
O F
M O R A L I T Y.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE frequent amusements in which Mr. Jones's family had been engaged for some time past, interrupted too much their regular employments. Charles had not done carefully what his master every day required; Mary's work was left unfinished; Mrs. Jones had several things to do in the family, and Mr. Jones many accounts to settle, which made him say to his wife and children, we have lately enjoyed much pleasure, perhaps

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more than we ought, because we have neglected our necessary employments. But now it is proper to set bounds to amusements, and return to our respective occupations with fresh vigour; else we shall lose by degrees all desire for employment, and our whole family would then fall into such disorder, that we should no longer find any comfort in it.

He desired Charles, after he had given this caution, to prepare his exercise, and went himself to his counting-house.

At first the children did not much relish work; and even Mr. Jones himself found it more troublesome than usual; but imperceptibly every thing returned into its former order. Every one fulfilled his appointed task, and even Mr. Noel grew daily more and more industrious. They all found themselves very well,



well, and were convinced that regular employment affords more real satisfaction than continual amusements and feasts.

This order was not interrupted till the middle of October, when the two maids begged Mrs. Jones to let them go to a fair in a neighbouring village. Scarcely were they gone out of the house, when the man-servant entered, and bursting into a violent fit of crying, he could only bring out, What shall I do ! What shall I do ! Mrs. Jones was alarmed, and asked him what ailed him ; but he could only answer, They say my father is dying. Mr. Jones pitied the poor man, and asked, if he desired to see and nurse him during his illness ? O yes ! O yes ! said the man, let me but see him before he dies, or I shall never know a happy day again ! Mr. Jones then instantly

B 2

gave

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gave him leave to go, saying, I would rather do all your work myself than keep you from your sick father. Go, and nurse him; and ask my wife for something to take with you to revive him. The servant hastened away with his pockets full of nourishing things for the poor sick man.

The servants having left every thing in order, they fared tolerably well the remainder of the day; but the next morning, when Mary was going to wash herself, she found no water, and was obliged to go to the pump for it herself, trembling from head to foot. The children now felt the absence of the servants, and how much they were indebted to them for waiting on them. When breakfast time came, the milk was brought; but there were no clean basons to put it in, and the children must drink out of those in
which

which some milk remained since the day before, or wash them themselves. When they entered the parlour every thing was in disorder, and out of its place: all stood as they had left them the night before; the floor was covered with crumbs, bits of paper, and dust; in short, it looked like a dwelling in which idle people lived.

Mrs. Jones said, that to-day she must dust and sweep the room herself, since no one thought of doing it for her.

The children, who dearly loved their mother, would not suffer her to do it, but began to work themselves.

Mary took the broom and swept it clean, with some labour; and Charles put the things in order.

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Meanwhile the wind rose, and made the panes rattle ; and the pattering of the rain and hail rendered it still more dreary. The poor children's teeth chattered, their fingers were stiff with cold, and they asked their mother, if they were not to have a fire to-day ?

I should be very glad of a fire, she replied, but I have nobody to light it. If then you do not choose to stand trembling, you must contrive to make a fire yourselves.

Charles lighted some matches, and put them into the grate, but they went out : he tried again, and sometimes the wood caught fire ; but they had not placed the cinders properly to admit air to draw up the blaze, so it went out again ; the wood did not burn. Mary assisted as well as she could ; but as she had never
lighted

lighted a fire before, she did not know how to make it properly, so her help was of no avail. They stood trembling and crying till Charles's master luckily came in, and told them how they ought to place the wood, and pile the cinders lightly over it, so as to admit the air; and not heave a quantity of fresh coals on, which were damp and would not readily burn, till the flame had some strength to curl round them.

They were now comfortable and warm; the children rubbed their hands, rejoicing and saying, now we have lighted it, we will not soon stir out of the warm room. But scarcely was Charles seated by the side of his master, when Mr. Jones entered with some letters in his hand, which must instantly be taken to the post.

Here Charles, said he, quickly; these letters must be carried to the Post-office.

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Oh, dear father, replied he, I would gladly go; but see what dreadful weather it is!—it rains violently—and how it blows! May I wait till the shower is over? Fy, fy, the letters must go—the post never waits for good weather. Come start up quickly, lest it should be gone out. Then Charles ran away, and came back quite wet; he would have changed his clothes, but had not time; for his father sent him out again with some messages.

Mary could not stay much longer by the fire, because she had several things to do in the kitchen. When it struck one they came again into the parlour, and clapped their hands when they heard they were to have mutton-chops and apple-dumplings for dinner, of which they were very fond. But, when they were ready, the cloth was not laid, nor the salt-fellars

fellars brought in, or the glaffes washed. Mrs. Jones had taken care to fend her husband his dinner warm into his little counting-house, where he had a great deal of business to do. But she left the children to prepare the table for themselves; and, before every thing was ready, full half an hour had slipped away. They now seated themselves at table; but the mutton was cold, and the dumplins overdone, so that their dinner did not taste half so good as they had expected.

After dinner they had still much to do; and were so dreadfully fatigued in the evening, that they threw themselves on a sofa, scarcely able to move a limb. I could not have believed, said Mary to Charles, that the servants had so much to do—now I feel it; and I will never give them unnecessary trouble again. Poor people! they are obliged to wait

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on us the whole day. When we are sleeping comfortably in our warm beds, they are forced to get up to light our fires and sweep our rooms, that we may find every thing in order when we rise.

When it rains and blows hard, we sit in a warm comfortable room; but they must go out, and not wait till the shower is over.

In the winter, when it freezes so hard, that their fingers are quite benumbed with cold, they must go to the well for water. How often they are obliged to eat their dinners cold, and sometimes through our fault, I fear. I have frequently been ill-natured to them; I am now very sorry for it; I am indeed very sorry!

And I too, interrupted Charles, am very sorry; I have often forgotten myself, and spoken very improperly to the
§ servants.

servants. I must tell you what vexes me: I lately called Henry a blockhead, because he forgot to clean my shoes, though the poor fellow had been running about the whole day for my father—but, believe me, I will never do it again; I will always be civil to Henry, Jenny and Catharine, when I want them to do any thing for me. I will take care never to speak hastily to them; and, above all, not to call them names.—Poor Henry, how he cried about his father—I wish I had not called him a blockhead! I shall not be easy till I ask him to forgive me. Mary made the same resolution; and they both longed for the return of the servants.

The next morning the two maids returned; but Catharine was sent with some medicines to Henry's father; and, for three days, the children were obliged to

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assist Jenny to do the work of the house; and at night they were so tired that they did nothing but wish for the next day, hoping that Catharine, at least, would come back. Oh! if only Henry, or, at least, poor Catherine, were here! they would say again and again. The fourth day Mary was standing at the window, thinking how much work she should have to do the next day—and almost afraid to think of it, when she heard some one ring the bell; she threw up the window—it was Catharine; and, at the same time, Henry ran up the steps. What joy!—She forgot to pull down the sash. Charles! Charles! cried she, Catharine is come! Henry is come! They both ran to the street-door; and, eagerly opening it, caught hold of their hands, saying, welcome! *welcome! dear Henry! good Catharine! we have often wished for you.* Their pleasure was still greater when

Henry



Welcome dear Henry, & good Catherine.

Published by J. Johnson, March 15, 1791.



Henry informed them that his father would soon be well.

The next day every thing was again in order, and these children never afterwards behaved rudely to the servants; on the contrary, they were always civil and good-natured to them; and not only pitied them, when they had more work than usual to do, but endeavoured to assist them; and resolved never more to give unnecessary trouble to those who had at all times so many hardships to bear.

CHAPTER. XXXII.

IN the beginning of November, Mr. Jones thought that a little relaxation would be of use to his laborious family. He therefore proposed to Mrs. Jones an excursion to Mr. Benfon's (the Curate) where they had all been so well pleased. The children had behaved, for a long time, very well; so they resolved to take them both with them.

At dinner they were acquainted with it—What joy there was when they heard of it! They soon began to consider what they should do to please the Curate's children, and they both searched in their closets to gather all their play-things together, to find something to give to George, Henry, and Caroline. Mrs.
Jones

Jones thought of providing for the table; knowing that the good Curate had a very small income, and many persons to maintain, she did not wish to put him to needless expence to entertain them. She made some nice pastry herself, and had two fowls, a ham, and a hare, packed up; beside a hamper of wine, which they wished to make their kind host a present of. The children thought the time long till they could get into the coach—and said a hundred times, Oh, if to-morrow was but here! but before to-morrow they must go to rest—and wait the arrival of the so much desired morning.

Mary dreamed of nothing but the journey. Sometimes she was seated in the coach, driving away by the hills and meadows; sometimes walking in the wood, where Charles had played at ball. Now came little Caroline with her bird; she

ran

ran forward, as she thought, to kiss her, and found as she awoke, that she had not little Caroline, but her pillow in her arms. She was a little disappointed, but glad to shake off sleep, because the day began to dawn. She sprang out of bed, dressed herself quickly, and ran to the parlour. The whole family was in motion, busily employed dressing and packing up; but Charles did not appear.

Mary ran to rouse the lazy boy, but met him at his room door in a very wretched state: he held his hand to his head, and sighed piteously. Mary, in a frightened voice, called her mother, and both Mr. and Mrs. Jones ran up, and asked poor Charles what what was the matter with him? Oh, said he, my pleasure is all over! I have, during the whole night, been tormented with a dreadful

tooth-

tooth-ache; it feels as if my head would burst.

They all pitied poor Charles, for in such a state it would be dangerous for him to be out long in the air; nor could he enjoy the prospects, and the sight of him, in pain, would disturb the rest of the company, and embitter their pleasure. He asked, indeed, if the excursion could not be put off for a day or two; but that was impossible, because the coach had been ordered over night; the provision had been dressed, and all was ready; so poor Charles must stay at home alone.

The coach came; Mr. and Mrs. Jones, Mary, and little James, who, to render the jaunt more agreeable to the children, had been invited, stepped in, and Charles saw them depart, with tears in his eyes. They were all sorry to
leave

leave him; and at the end of the street his mother leaned out of the coach, and kissed her hand, to comfort the unfortunate sick Charles.

He was very uneasy; and throwing himself on the sofa, groaned with pain;—and his anguish was increased by thinking of it, because he had no one to pity or comfort him. His mother, before she set off, desired Catharine to go for William; but he had such a violent cold, that his father would not allow him to stir out.

His master soon came to give him his lessons; he consoled him, and said, keep up your spirits, dear Charles, great pain never lasts long; to-morrow, perhaps, you will be quite well again. These kind words made Charles more tranquil, though his anguish continued. However,
when

when his master perceived that he could not profit by his instructions, the pain was so great, and that the other children were not there, he soon left him alone, and he was now again quite comfortless.

Nevertheless, he did not sit crying all the morning; he thought of the poor man who had the cancer, and bore it patiently, though he could not expect to be better to-morrow. He tried to imitate him, and towards dinner-time the pain actually abated, so that he could dine with Mr. Noel; and after the meal, it seemed quite gone.—Who was then so happy as Charles! He was ready to jump for joy, and had only to seek for amusement to render his solitude agreeable. He went first into his father's little study, and sought for a book with pictures in it, to see if he could amuse himself; for his father allowed him to take
down

down the books, on condition, that he neither tore, nor dirtied them, and carefully replaced them. He soon found what delighted him, a book full of pictures of animals, and the methods used to catch them. One print represented how they entrapped the elephant; another, how they chased the lion; and in several others, how they caught and ensnared foxes, hares, partridges, wild ducks and geese, and many other animals. Now, thought he, the time will no more seem long; and for above a quarter of an hour, he thus diverted the lonely moments he was obliged to spend by himself. At last he turned on some prints, which shewed him how some people ensnared apes. When the apes were sily observing the huntsman, he took a bason of water, and washed his face; then he went away, leaving the bason on the ground; but, instead of pure water, he poured thick clayey

clayey water into it. As soon as the huntsman's back was turned, the ape crept cautiously forward to wash himself, and plaistered his eyes up in such a manner that he could see nothing, and might be caught with very little trouble. This cunning trick made him laugh heartily, and he started up to seek for some one with whom he could talk about the droll looks of the monkey; but no one could he find;—no Mary, no James, no William was there, and even Mr. Noel was gone out. He had now no more pleasure in looking at the pictures; and, full of vexation, he shut the book and put it in its place.

Afterwards he thought he would try to play at something. He searched for his nine-pins, and set them up, and knocked them down with the ball; but

as

as he had no one to contest with him, he was tired in less than ten minutes.

He gathered his leaden soldiers together, placed them in order; but when they were placed, he knew not what to do with them, and was soon tired of them too. Weary of them, and himself, he put them into their box, and sat down to consider what he should do next.

At last he thought of his colours, which had so often amused him when James was with him. He put them on the table, took out the shells, and sought for one of his prettiest prints to colour it. In fact, he began to paint the clothes of two persons in the picture; but when he went on further, he soon remarked that he wanted James, who could paint very well, and knew how to choose the proper colours for every thing. Charles had
already





How sad is life without a friend !

already met with many parts of the picture which he was at a loss how to colour; and still more dissatisfied than ever, shut up his painting box. Now he knew no more what to do. Peevishly he threw himself again on the sofa, and lamenting, bitterly lamenting, said, *how sad is life without a friend!* If I suffer, there is no one here to pity or comfort me; no one who would try to soften my pain. If I am pleased, there is no one to communicate it to. If I play, I want a companion; or it is not like play; and if I work, I have no one to help me, or give me good advice! Ah me! if my dear Mary, if William or James were here! Yes, when I am once with them again, I will do all I can to make them love me; I will be very attentive to find out what they like best, and that moment do it—for there is no living without them. Dear Mary! James!

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James! William! will you not soon return?

They heard not the lamentations of the poor solitary Charles! they came not! but instead of them, a companion he did not find very agreeable; for the tooth-ache returned. Though his mother had often said that it was like a pig to eat cakes or nice things alone, he looked for some almonds covered with sugar, and tried to eat them; but scarcely had he begun to chew with the tooth that had a hole in it, than the pain darted through his whole jaw, and the anguish was greater than ever. He groaned, and would have cried, if he had not thought that a boy should have more courage, and bear pain patiently.

Whilst almost stupified by pain, he threw himself from chair to chair, some
one

one knocked at the room door: Come in, cried he, hoping he should see an acquaintance; but he was deceived, it was only a Jew, with a grey beard.

Ill-humouredly, he asked, what he wanted?

Your father, said he, is he not at home?

There is nobody at home, replied Charles, rather rudely, and turned from him.

Is little master sick? asked Ephraim, that he holds his cheek—Tell me, my little dear, have you any thing the matter with your teeth?

Yes, yes, answered Charles. Tell me master, continued Ephraim, whether there

is a hole in your tooth? Let me look into your mouth, perhaps I can help you.

Charles was at first rather unwilling; but when Ephraim assured him that he had already cured several people of the tooth-ache, though they were in violent pain, he let him look into his mouth, and Ephraim promised that he would soon bring something from his own house, to stop the pain, and make him quite well.

Charles had heard his father say, that when a person is sick, they ought not to take every thing recommended to them as a good remedy; at least, whilst they are young and ignorant, and do not know what is good for the human body, and therefore might take something very hurtful and improper;—indeed, few understand the nice construction of the human frame, and ignorant people, by prescribing

prescribing the same remedy for different constitutions, often do much harm.

As soon as the Jew was gone, he went to Mr. Noel, and asked whether he might venture to take what the Jew would give him. Mr. Noel enquired directly of the clerks, and some other people who were in the counting-house looking over some goods, what sort of a man Ephraim was. They all gave him a good character, assured him, that he was an honest, sensible man; that he had some knowledge of physic, and often cured both Jews and Christians who consulted him when they were sick. Mr. Noel himself then advised Charles to take what he should bring him.

In about half an hour the Jew came back, with two little plaisters, and put them behind his ears; at the same time,

he filled up the hole in his tooth with wax, to preserve it from the cold air, and to prevent his food sticking in it.

But, if Charles had been in pain before, he was now in an agony ; it was as if forks were stuck into his jaw. He then grew quite impatient, and would have torn the plaisters from behind his ears ; but the Jew would not permit him, and said, Have a little patience, master, no remedy has an immediate effect : however, to-morrow morning I will call on you again, and my dear little patient will speak in another tone, I am sure.

Ephraim now left him, reminding him once more, not to tear off the plasters.

The pain grew so insupportable, that probably he would have torn them off in spite of this caution, if Mr. Noel had

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not

not taken him into his room, and watched him.

Towards the end of an hour, the anguish gradually abated; and at supper he had a little appetite, and relished his food. He went early to bed, and soon fell into a sweet sleep; and as he had rested very little the night before, he slept so soundly, that he did not wake before eight o'clock the following morning—And when he awoke, where was the pain gone?—He felt no more of it—and how happy was he! He ran to Mr. Noel, and said, I am quite well; how glad I am that you did not allow me to tear off the plasters—Thank you—Thank you!

He then ran to the window, and looked out every moment, longing to see the dear Jew come. About nine o'clock he came; and the moment Charles caught a

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glimpse of him, he flew to the street door delighted, and eagerly opened it, to admit the man whom the day before he had received so rudely. He led him into the parlour, saying all the way, a thousand, thousand thanks! my dear good Ephraim, I am quite well—all my pain is gone. I have been often told that the Jews were wicked people, but now I see that I was wrong.

It was very wrong, indeed, if little master thought so, said Ephraim; and when he knows more of the Jews, he will see more clearly his mistake. *In every religion there are good people.* I do not deny but there are many wicked people among our nation, and how many Christians lie and steal!—but we are all men—descended from the same father, and serve the same God, and he who despises his fellow creatures on account of their being called



In every religion there are good people.

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called Jews, flies in the face of his Maker. We are commanded to love all men—we are all brothers, and should only despise those who lie, steal, and commit crimes, which render them useless, if not a pest, to society.

But, continued Charles, you cannot say that there are not many cheats among the Jews.

I do not pretend to say so, replied Ephraim; there are cheats enough among our nation, and among Christians, for the matter of that—but if our nation cheat, the Christians themselves are the cause of it. They despise us, and do not allow us to gain our livelihood in an honest way; so many ignorant Jews are become cheats, because they think that they live among enemies; but there are many good Jews who tell truth, and give money to the
C 4 poor;

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poor ; and such men deserve our love, whether they are Jews or Christians.

Charles perceived that he was wrong in disliking the Jews, and supposing that they were worse than other men ; and he promised in future to love them as well as the rest of mankind. Afterwards Ephraim put two fresh plasters behind his ears, and bade him remember that a Jew had felt for him when he was in pain, and treated him like a fellow-creature.

He went away, but his behaviour had won Charles's heart, and from that hour he never spoke disrespectfully of a Jew.

CHAP.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

MEANWHILE the coach rolled with all the company towards the village where the curate lived. Mr. Jones reckoned that they should arrive there by ten o'clock, and they all anticipated the happy hours they expected to enjoy; especially the children, who thought that the horses never went quick enough. Nicholas cracked his whip, and away they went, as if they flew.—Now all was right; the children clapped their hands, crying, Yes, that is charming!—Now we shall soon be there! But, in the midst of their rejoicing—there was a sudden shock—all were silent—what a pause! The carriage sunk down on one side, James was thrown into Mrs. Jones's lap, her husband fell on Mary, and al-

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most crushed the poor girl to death. What has happened? cried they all—What is the matter, Nicholas? Nicholas got off his box, scratched his head, and said—A fine job this is, to be sure! Tell us what has happened? called out Mr. Jones, hastily. Why, answered Nicholas, one of the wheels is off—What do you advise me to do? If I had any one to leave with the horses, I would run to the next village for a blacksmith, to help to mend it.

Mr. Jones was not of the same opinion; he foresaw, that the party would find the time very long, if they had to remain an hour or more still in the coach; he therefore thought it best that Nicholas should stay to take care of the horses, and they themselves would walk to the village to seek for a blacksmith. This proposal pleased them all; and they

they set off on foot, desiring Nicholas to follow with the coach as soon as he could.

The nearest way was a foot-path, through a field just sown with wheat; and the children seemed to gain new life, when they came out of the coach into the free air. All at once James sprang forward, bent down on the ground, then started up again, threw his hat before, as if to catch something, and then darted forward again.

Mary, who was curious to know what he had in his eye, ran after him. At last he caught what he pursued, as Mary came up with him, and both rejoiced at having taken a little prisoner. Meanwhile Mr. and Mrs. Jones were in conversation, and did not observe them. However, they were soon obliged to stop, for they heard Mary scream out, in a

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terrified tone, Dear James, ah! do not do it—pray!—pray hold your hand! And these entreaties having no effect, she called to her father and mother for help. Mr. Jones could not imagine what the children were disputing about, but waved his hand for them to come to him. They came, Mary first, quite out of breath. Dear father, said she, you do not know what a wicked boy James is! he has just caught a field-mouse, and, for all I can say, will cut its ears and tail off. The poor mouse! it never did him any harm! He has already opened his knife—only look at him! James came up smiling, holding the mouse in one hand, and the knife in the other. What are you going to do? asked Mr. Jones.

James. I wish to punish this little thief, who steals the poor farmer's corn.

Mr. Jones.





*He who can torment a little helpless
animal, has certainly a bad heart.*

Mr. Jones. You are a cruel boy! Fy for shame. *He who can torment a little helpless animal, has certainly a bad heart.* He accustoms himself, by degrees, to cruelty, and, at last, he will find a savage joy in it; and after tormenting animals, will not fail to torment men.

James. But could we not do very well without mice? They are insignificant creatures, who are of no use in the world.

Mr. Jones. And is the watch, which your father has given you, something insignificant?

James. By no means. I would not give it for a thousand mice.

Mr. Jones. Nevertheless, there appears in the structure of this little mouse's
body

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body a thousand times more contrivance than in your watch. Look at this little ear through which it hears all that passes round it: through this organ it was warned when you pursued it: and these pretty eyes, in which the forms of all the objects before it are painted: and these sharp teeth, with which it can gnaw the hardest grain: and these neatly turned paws: this skin as soft as velvet. But you would be still more astonished if you could see its inside; if you could observe how every thing passes there to preserve life; how the little stomach dissolves the food; how it separates the best juices, and carries them by very fine channels, still further; how flesh, blood, and bones, are formed of them; and how the excrements pass through the guts and intestines. Put your hand on its breast, and feel how its heart beats, to push the blood through the little veins.

Your watch may be made very ingeniously; but do you think it would ever produce any little watches? You would be glad of that, for you might soon have plenty of watches to sell, and make your fortune. But to this degree of perfection they can never be carried. The most beautiful things made by man are dead, and without sense; God alone can give life and reason. This mouse has, probably, already brought many little mice into the world, and will certainly bring forth many more, if you spare its life.

James. Yet, with all this, it is good for nothing.

Mr. Jones. That you cannot certainly know. There are a thousand things in the world very useful, no doubt, yet we do not plainly see their usefulness. If he who made this little mouse certainly
knew

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knew that it was good for nothing, why has he employed so much art in making it? However, I can point out to you some things that it is useful in.

Look at that raven, how gravely it stalks; what a beautiful black plumage it has; and those fine feathers, which ornament its wings, are very useful when we wish to write very neatly. For this raven and his brothers, are mice sent into the world. They hunt them out; and, when they have caught, they eat them, and find them as relishing as you think roasted hare: therefore mice are of as much use as hares.

James. But still mice do harm; they devour the poor peasant's wheat and rye.

Mr. Jones. The injury they do is very trifling. They commonly only gather
up

up the grain which the farmer lets fall; and the most part of it would probably perish if those little notable mice did not carry it to their nests. And supposing they are led by hunger sometimes to steal a couple of ears out of a sheaf of corn, what injury is that? The farmer will never miss it.

James. But I have heard that they sometimes multiply so fast that they often ravage a whole field.

Mr. Jones. Then, indeed, it is time to destroy them—but without tormenting them: and they should be put to death as quickly as possible. If the torments they suffered would bring back the wheat, or teach them honesty, there would be some excuse for it; but this mouse will not be less a thief after you have cut off its ears and tail.

James.

James. Well, then I will kill the little thief before he does any more harm.

Ah! my dear James! cried Mary, do not kill it; give me the little mouse, I pray you give it me! Can you deny me?

He gave it to her, and, as soon as she got it, she let it run away, calling after it, run, run, poor animal, till you find again your little children.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Jones were pleased with her. Mrs. Jones kissed Mary, and said, good girl! you have perhaps saved the lives of four or five little mice, who must have perished with hunger if their mother had been killed.

Mr. Jones still continued the subject. He said, that the smallest animals were
of

of some use; and that a good man ought not to kill the least worm, unless it injured him, or its death would be useful to him; but even in that case, it was unjust and cruel to torment them. He described, in so affecting a manner, what anguish it would have given the poor mouse if he had cut off its ears and tail, that it brought tears into both the children's eyes.

But is it not very wrong, said Mary, in those wicked butchers to kill the poor sheep? They do no harm!

They do no harm, answered Mr. Jones, but their death is advantageous to us; for we eat their flesh, and their wool and skin form the most useful part of our clothing. Some time or other the sheep must die. They crop the grass on which many insects live, and drink the water in which thousands of little
living

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living creatures swim. Birds pick up flies and worms, while men are supported by animals, birds, fish, and vegetables. So that the world contains a vast variety of creatures, who are all linked together by mutual wants. The sheep, for a long time, enjoyed content before it was brought to the pen ; and, if the butcher kills it quickly, it does not suffer near so much pain as it would do if it died by degrees, of sickness or old age.

CHAP.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

CONVERSING in this manner, they reached the village. Mr. Jones enquired for a blacksmith; but the peasants informed him that he was gone to work at the Justice's house, which was not far off; and, as he was a very civil gentleman, they were sure that he would allow him to go and assist the coachman the moment he was asked.

Mr. Jones went to the Magistrate, and simply told him of their little distress; he instantly permitted the blacksmith to attend him, who went home for his tools, and hastened to the coach. Mean while the party went to the inn, to wait for the arrival of the coach.

Though

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Though they did not feel any thing like hunger, yet Mr. Jones desired the landlord to bring them a little refreshment, that they might make a proper return for sitting in his room.

The landlord, who was playing with some farmers at cards, was so eager about the game, that he did not give himself the least trouble to please his guests. He even seemed vexed that they called for something; rose hastily from the table with an angry countenance, and called up the stairs, Mistress, bring some bread and butter for the gentlefolks! Then he quickly seated himself again, caught up the cards, and said, come, deal away.

His wife brought in the bread and butter, but forgetting a knife, they could
not

not cut their bread, or spread the butter; and Mr. Jones was obliged once more to interrupt the landlord's game.

He went to him, and tapping him gently on the shoulder, said, my friend we have not a knife; a run of ill-luck, as it is called, had already made him very unreasonable; and, as if his guests had been the cause of it, he darted a furious look at him, and, springing to the door, asked his wife, with a curse, why she had forgotten to bring a knife?

His trembling wife brought it in a moment; but, as soon as she entered the room, her husband loaded her with abuse, and said, you are a fine mistress of an inn indeed! throwing the cards at her head. That the poor woman was very angry, may naturally be supposed. You shameless man, said she, is it thus
you

you treat your wife? Must I the whole day work like a horse?—All the business lies on me; and you—you do nothing else but eat, drink, and play; you have already run through my whole property, and now you use me like a dog. This speech rendered the brutal man still more furious; he ran to seize a whip which hung against the wall, to beat her; but she not thinking it prudent to wait for his strokes, flew into the street. A little boy would have followed his mother; but stumbling over something on the floor, began to cry piteously. His father, instead of having any compassion for him, gave him a violent stroke with the whip, and pushing him into the street, shut the door violently.

The farmers who had been playing with him, shocked at this brutal behaviour,

viour, slipped quietly out of the room, and left Mr. Jones and his family alone. The children were half dead with fear, almost afraid to breathe; at last James said, after looking round the room, to be sure that the landlord was quite out of hearing, is not this a very wicked man? I never in my life saw such a one before. Our master has often told us, that we ought to love all men; but surely he did not mean such a rogue as this? I cannot help hating him. What do you think, Sir?

Why do you think, asked Mr. Jones, that a man who, through the negligence of his parents, or thoughtlessness of a maid, was unfortunately made a cripple in his childhood, deserves to be hated?

Certainly not, answered James. How could the poor man help it? It would

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be a great misfortune to be lame—I should pity him and help him, if I could.

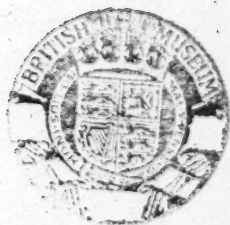
Yet you dare to hate a wicked man, interrupted Mr. Jones, whom you ought to pity and help, if you could. *For a wicked man is much more an object of pity than a cripple.* In general, his bad habits are caught from his parents, or those whom he has lived with: and when these habits have been fixed thirty or forty years, it is often as difficult to overcome them as to make a contracted limb strait. Besides, dear James, believe me, a wicked man suffers more than the most miserable cripple! Why then should we not pity him? I will now speak to the landlord; and you shall hear, out of his own mouth, that he deserves compassion.

Oh!



*A wicked man is more to be pitied
than a cripple.*

Published by J. Johnson. March 15, 1791.



Oh? pray do not, dear Sir, cried James; leave the wicked man alone, he will only vex you; and Mrs. Jones and Mary joined in the entreaties; but Mr. Jones silenced them by saying, that we ought not to be too careful of ourselves when we wish to do good; however, do not be uneasy about me; I am master of my temper, and humanity requires that I should give some good counsel to this poor man.

The landlord now entered with marks of fury still on his face.

Where is the child? asked Mr. Jones, I hope it is not hurt.

Hurt, indeed, answered the landlord, what harm could come to it? The brat will live long enough; ill weeds seldom perish.

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Mr. Jones. So he is not your son !

Landlord. Why, whose should he be ?

Mr. Jones. If he is, honest friend, pray tell me how a father could treat his own child so barbarously ? The child did nothing wrong, he fell by chance ; and, because he was hurt by the fall, began to cry ; and instead of pitying it, as you ought to have done, you gave it a blow.

Landlord. You speak just like our parson ; he often comes to preach a sermon to me after I have given my wife a black eye. But, Sir, you do not feel where the shoe pinches ; for if you did but know how many cares I have, you would not wonder if I sometimes fly into a passion.

Mr. Jones. And how came you to be so full of cares ? You seem to have a
good

good house, well situated for custom, an honest wife, and healthy children.

Landlord. You speak as if you knew all about it. If you were in my situation, if you had a wife who every day reproached you for squandering away her fortune, if all your children cared more for their mother than for you, and if you were afraid every day of being dragged to prison by your creditors, you would sing in another tone. You know not where the bone sticks; yet you talk away. It is true, my house has tolerable custom; but half a mile from hence lives a droll rogue, who talks over all the farmers; so they drink their ale with him, while mine grows sour in the cask.

Mr. Jones. If it is so, indeed you are to be pitied; but do not take ill what I am going to say: it appears to me as if

all your misfortunes were owing to yourself. If you have squandered away your wife's fortune, is it to be wondered at that she reproaches you? And if you beat your children without a cause, is it not natural that they should love their mother better than you? As for your creditors, you would not have them to be afraid of, if you had been careful not to run into debt. If you had properly managed your wife's fortune and minded your business, you might have lived quietly in your own house, where no one would have dared to molest you. If your children fly from you, and your neighbours let your ale grow sour, is it not all your own fault? Your ill-humour frightens them away; who will stay in a house with a man who takes so little pains to please, raises such a riot in the house, beats his wife, and kicks his children? And, Mr. Landlord, I must tell you

you freely my determination: if you do not alter your behaviour, I will never come to your house again.

Landlord. As to that, I believe I wish to be civil; yet I cannot help being angry when things go cross; for my father was passionate, my brother was passionate; I really think I shall always remain so: it has run in our blood such a long time.

Mr. Jones, after having given some good advice, paid for his bread and butter, and got into the coach, which had already waited a few minutes for them. They were all glad to get away from this angry man; but Mr. Jones said to James, do you not now see how much this man deserves your pity? Instead of loving, every creature despises him, and if he thinks of his former life, or his future prospects, he

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finds no satisfaction. And the first cause of his misery was this: from his infancy he was brought up by wicked men, and was always with them: did you not hear him say, that both his father and brother were passionate?

James felt the truth of the observation, and sincerely pitied the miserable wretch who destroyed all his own comfort.

CHAP.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THEY now came to the village where the Curate lived. Mr. Jones ordered the coachman to go directly to his house. The children jumped for joy, it was almost impossible to keep them any longer quiet; they knelt upon the seat and waited, full of impatience, for the moment when the Curate, with his children, should come out and embrace them. After a few moments the coach stopped; and the children asked Mr. Jones whether this was not the house? Yes, answered he, there stands the house which you have so long desired to see. They danced with delight. But is it not wonderful, said Mr. Jones, that no one comes out to receive us? I hope they are not from home.

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He got out of the coach, and helped his wife and children out—but still no one appeared. He went through the front garden—there was no living soul to be seen. He entered the house—still he saw nobody. He tapped at the chamber door—Come in! cried a weak voice. They opened the door—Heavens, what a sight! There stood four beds and a cradle; George sat on one; and in the other lay Henry and little Caroline; in the third lay the Curate's wife, and the fourth seemed to be destined for the Curate; an infant was sleeping in a cradle. In the little corner, which still remained, sat the Curate with his head leaning on his hand. And when the guests had entered the chamber, they had scarcely room to move. My dear Sir, cried the Curate, in a sorrowful voice, why do you come into this melancholy place?

I am almost overcome by misery. There

lie my poor children in the small-pox. George is almost out of danger; but my dear Henry—my sweet little Caroline (here a tear stole down his cheek) See, have I not cause to lament?—There they lie. Their eyes have been closed already three days. Alas! and I know not whether they will ever open them again. There too lies my dear wife; it is only a few days since she was delivered of that infant, and she is so weak that she can scarcely sit up in bed; besides, she has got a bad breast. The poor woman can scarcely endure so much pain. As for me, it is almost a fortnight since I have had any sleep. But, alas! not two only, but many weeks, would I watch; I would gladly endure all, if I could only save the lives of my children. If I could but once see them well again! My poor little darlings, my Henry! my Caroline!

Mr. Jones interrupted him by catching his hand, on which their tears silently dropped. They were all extremely affected, and James and Mary wept aloud.

Dearest friend, continued the Curate, what can I do with you? I cannot even offer you a chair. I have nobody that can dress you a bit of meat; and, if I had, you could not relish it in this hospital. Were I to take you into the parlour, I could not be with you; I cannot leave my sick children. Do not take it ill of me, for if the Bishop came, I could not wait on him. For, if one of my children should die, who could make me amends for its loss? Leave then, I pray you, this dismal abode, and go to the inn. The landlord is a very honest man; and, I hope, he will make a point of treating you well.

Mr.

Mr. Jones now tried to comfort him as well as he could; and said, among other things, take courage, your sorrow will soon give way to joy; after a hard winter follows a chearful spring.

Mrs. Jones seated herself near Mrs. Benson's bed, and tried to comfort her, even while she herself shed many tears.

James and Mary crept to the sick children's pillow, and told them how they pitied them.

They then all took a mournful leave of this distressed family, and went to the inn.

They had very little appetite for their meal; they eat a few bits hastily, and drank a glass or two of wine; but they sent the hamper to the Curate, begging him

him to accept of it, and drink a little more than usual, that he might be able to bear his watching and distress. After two hours had passed away in compassionate complaints, Mr. Jones said to his family, it is very pleasant to visit our friends, when all goes well, and they are happy; but it is still kinder to succour them when they are in trouble. Come, let us go again to them, and try, as much as is possible, to soften their distress. I will converse with the Curate; you, my dear, may chat with his wife; and do you children gather all the little presents together which you have brought with you, and carry them to your sick play-mates. Those good people will be pleased when they see that we take a part in their sorrow. They were all ready to do as he desired, and Mrs. Jones desired the landlady to provide them with a supper, and give the
broken

broken victuals which they had brought with them to the poor, but they took the fowls, thinking that the sick family might be tempted to eat.

They all hurried away; and when they entered the sick room, the poor patients seemed, for a time, to have forgotten their sufferings.

Mr. Jones seated himself near the Curate, and endeavoured, by his conversation, to raise his spirits. He related how much his children had suffered when they had the small-pox, and talked again and again of the danger they were in; yet he was able to say, that they had happily gone through it all. During this conversation, the Curate, in some measure, recovered his usual cheerfulness.

Mr.

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Mrs. Jones drew near to his wife, who was suckling her child, which made her feel so much pain in her breast, that she pressed her teeth together to avoid crying out. Mrs. Jones, in a tone of compassion, told her how much she had endured with a bad breast; and pointed out the remedy which had softened her pain, and at last healed it. Mrs. Benson listened attentively, pressed her hand, and said, dear friend, you are an angel whom God has sent to give me strength to bear my sufferings. My heart is grown lighter since you came here.

Mary and James went first to the bed where Henry and Caroline lay, and gave them some pretty play-things which they had brought for them. Mary had got for Caroline a little set of kitchen furniture, plates, porringers, spoons, knives, tea-cups, &c. James put in order, before
Henry,

Henry, a company of leaden dragoons. But what comfort was this to the poor children, they could see nothing of them; and when they attempted to grasp them, the festered pimples on their hands gave them so much pain, that they immediately threw them all down and began to weep. But James spoke very kindly to them, and said, that they should try to be quiet, and then they would soon be well; and that he would give the little presents into their father's care; and how great would be their joy when they left their beds and found these pretty things.

Afterwards they went to George; he was more chearful, because he was growing well; and he laughed outright when James gave him a whole hunt, huntsmen and dogs, stags, boars and foxes, all formed in lead; and Mary spread before him some pretty pictures
which

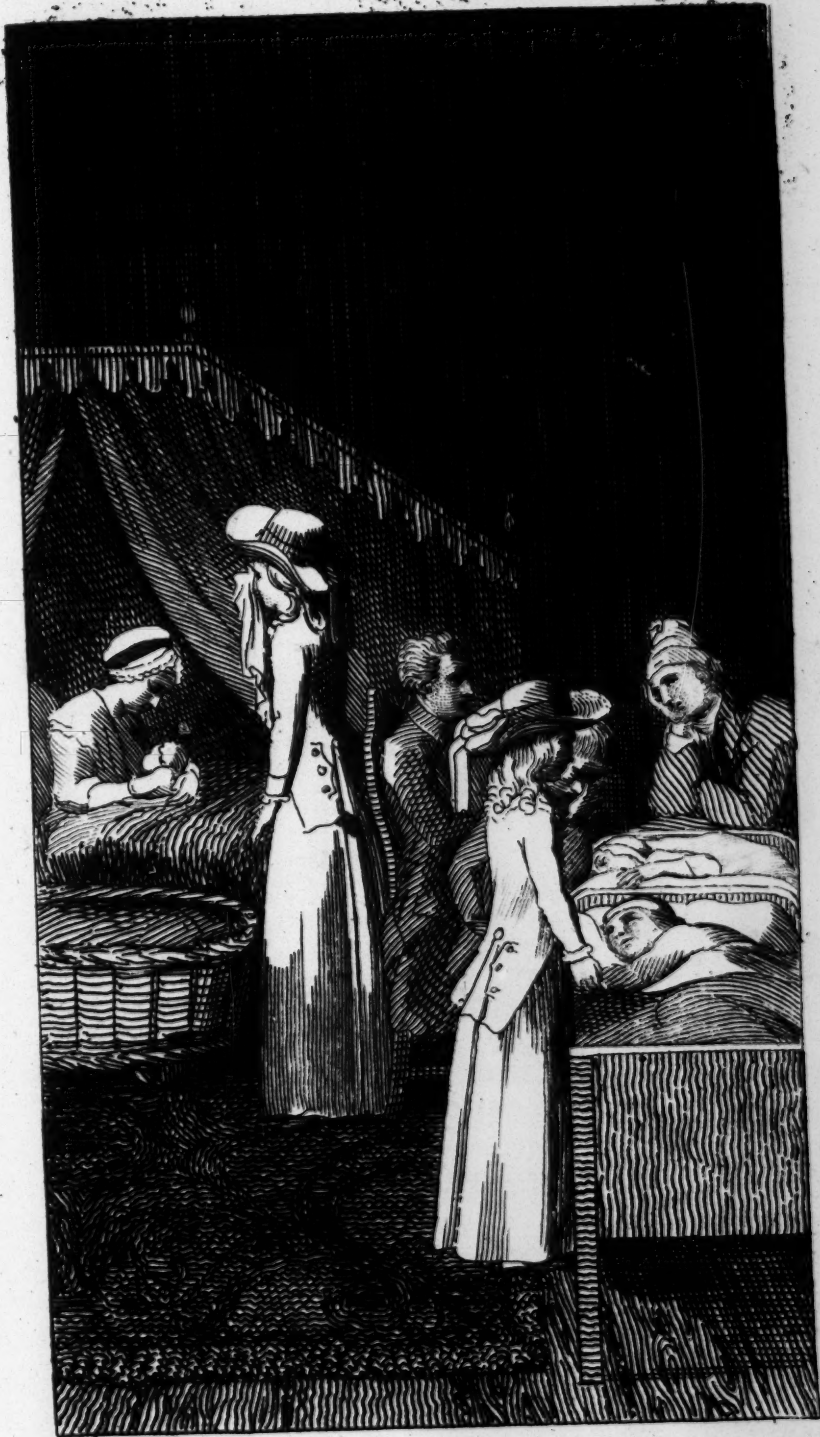
which she had brought. They soon got acquainted with each other, and chatted very familiarly.

Dear play-fellows, said George, I never thought before how good it is of parents to be so anxious about their children. See now how much my mother endures with that little infant. As often as it sucks, it gives her as much pain as if a knife was stuck in her breast; and still she does not send it away. She puts it again to the breast, bears all the pain, rather than the poor infant should feel hunger. Ah! if she was to forsake it, it would soon die. She washes it every morning, and puts clean clothes on it several times in the day; and, when she dresses it, she touches it so tenderly, and holds its head against her breast, watching that nothing injures its weak limbs. At night she scarcely sleeps two hours,

hours, because the child often cries, and seems always to look to her for help. We have all been such little creatures, and given our good parents as much trouble.

And my good father, you cannot think how dearly he loves us; since we have been sick, he has not left our beds. The 'Squire has twice invited him to supper; but he always refused, because he would not leave us. How many times has he got out of bed in the cold; how many nice bits has he put into my mouth; and how many spoonfuls of drink has he given me, with his own hand, which cooled my poor heart. Every day he sends to the Doctor's for something which costs him money; but he says he does not mind any expense if he could but see us in health once more. I love our dear parents; I ought to love them.—

them.—I will do more ; I will try to be good that they may find pleasure in me. *What wicked children must they be who can vex their parents !* Whilst he was speaking in this manner, Mary and James were thinking of their parents ; and both determined that they would follow the example of George. Mary recollected, with sincere regret, that she had sometimes vexed hers ; and James was ashamed of himself that he had not before reflected how much trouble and care he had already given his. Both were, from this time, more attentive to their conduct ; and did every thing, when they were with their parents, to please them ; and were as careful when they were absent to obey their commands, as when they were under their eye.



*What wicked children must they be
who can vex their parents.*

Published by J. Johnson, March 15, 1791.



CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE day beginning to close, the company took leave of the suffering family, wished them a quiet night; and that after having overcome so much sorrow, they might again feel joy.

They now returned to the inn, and would have entered the first room they came to; but the hostess ran up to them, saying, pray do not go in there; it is so near the kitchen, where some travellers are smoking and drinking, that I fear you will find the noise very disagreeable. If you wish to be at your ease, you had better come into the little parlour where my children sit; you will find a good fire there, and I will go and make the fire burn above-stairs, for
we

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we did not expect you so soon. They followed her, and found every thing in good order. They did not see, indeed, great glasses, pictures, or any other kind of costly furniture; but every thing spoke the industry of these good people. The wall was hung with skeins of yarn, spindles ready to be reeled, and stockings with knitting-needles in them. There stood a wheel, here winders; and on a little shelf were some useful books. A girl of sixteen, and another of fourteen, were cutting bread, and putting little pats of butter on a plate for the supper of the family that now entered. A third girl was spinning, and a boy sat writing at a table.

This sight afforded Mrs. Jones great pleasure. I find, said she, that there are still very industrious people in the world. When we have only a desire to
work,

work, answered the hostess, we shall always find something to do; and there is no pleasure like employment. Besides, if my children had not always sufficient work to do, they would stand staring in the public room, where they could neither see nor hear any thing good. But, excuse me, at this hour I have a great deal to do in the kitchen.

She went out, and the host entered, a cheerful healthy-looking man, with honesty sparkling in his eyes. He had in his arms his youngest child; and, approaching his little guests, shook them cordially with his right hand; which labour had so hardened, that it felt like leather. To-day, said he, smiling, I am nurse. My wife, and all my people, have their hands so full of work, that they could not hold the poor little bantling, so I must take care of it. But I
do

do not complain, I have still a hand free and ready to obey your orders. We must all help one another, if we wish to live happily together. At this instant he was called, and the company were left alone with the children.

Mrs. Jones seated herself by the tallest of the girls, and asked if she was the host's eldest daughter? I am not his daughter, answered the smiling girl, I am only his niece, my mother was his sister. But I have no parents, they are both dead; and he has brought me up ever since my sixth year. But I suppose he is paid for your board, said Mrs. Jones. I have, answered she, not a penny to give him; for my parents left nothing behind them. But he is a very good man, he treats me like his own children; I dress like them, and he never buys a new thing for them, without remembering me; he has had
me

me taught to sew, knit, and spin; and even paid the school-master for teaching me to write and cypher. He has put my brother 'prentice to a taylor, and provides every thing for him. You are, indeed, said Mrs. Jones, fallen into a good man's hands. Yes; that is true enough, continued the girl; but the good that he has done for us poor motherless children is not all; if I were to relate what he does for other people, I should not finish before night. When a poor traveller comes to seek for a lodging, he takes him in, and, the next morning, will not take any thing for his bed; nay, sometimes he will give him something to help him on his way.

Yesterday evening came a poor soldier's widow here with her three children; her husband had not long been dead. If you will believe me, he had a

E

good

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good fire lighted for her in the room in which you are going to sit; and he treated her as he did the other guests, who were gentlefolks. The poor woman would scarcely eat of the good supper he provided; and said that she had not above a shilling in her pocket. Never mind that, said he, do you and your children only eat your supper with a good appetite. In the morning our boy was to carry some corn to market; but I could not guess why he got so often in and out of the cart. At last I found out that he had been making a seat of dry straw for the woman and her children; and only put two sacks in to lie at their feet. He not only took nothing from her, but asked my aunt to look for some old clothes, which he gave to the woman for her children, helped them into the cart, and off they set for the city. I shall never, during my life, forget how the woman
called

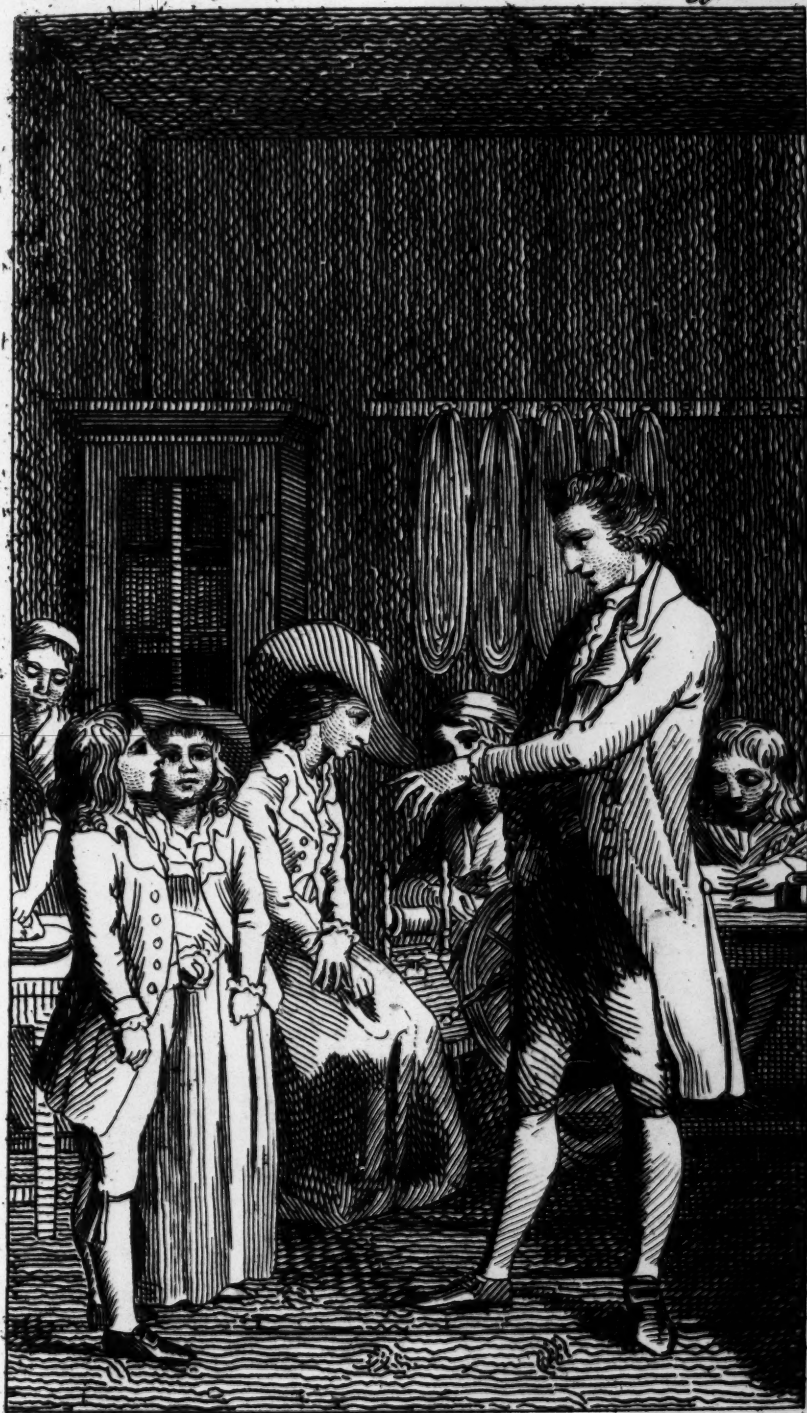
called out a hundred times from the cart that God would return it to him.

It gives me pleasure to hear all this, said Mrs. Jones, but I have heard him accused of enticing all the farmers to his house; yet I can scarcely believe it.

There is something in it, however, answered the girl: when any one sleeps here once, they will be sure to come again, if they travel this way; nay, I have known some travellers go on an hour or two after it grows dark, to rest here. But there is nothing wrong in all this, he is so civil to every body. He always takes care that the bread, beer, and meat, is good; and, when he is to be paid, he does not overcharge any body. Is it to be wondered at that he pleases people?

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Mr. Jones heard, with astonishment, this girl's discourse, who, with the greatest simplicity, in a few minutes, related of a man, in a mean condition, more good than many rich men have done in the whole course of their lives. He could not any longer remain silent; but said to his family,—*O dear children, see how much good a single good man can do!* His wife, four of his own children, and two whom he has adopted—seven persons have to thank him for their whole comfort and joy. How miserable would they be if he were as careless as the angry man we saw this morning. How many poor will he have been a comfort to—What a number of fatigued and way-worn travellers will, in his house, spend a comfortable evening and gather new strength. If now, a man in a situation reckoned mean can do so much good to others, how



See how much good a Single man can do!.



how much more should be expected from one in an elevated rank.

Whilst he was speaking, the honest Innkeeper entered, and asked if they would please to go up-stairs, saying, the room is warm, and the supper on the table.

The whole company stood up, and looked at him with silent respect, as if a nobleman had entered. Mary quickly hung on his arm, and James would gladly have caught the other, if the sweet babe had not already been enfolded in it; he therefore followed, holding Mr. Jones's hand.

Mrs. Jones was last; and, when she came to the room door, she turned back, saying, she should soon come to them. Scarcely was the door shut, when she

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went towards the industrious little people, tenderly embracing them one after the other; and said, good children, follow the example of your father and uncle, and I promise you all will do well. She then joined her family in the other room.

It was small and low, with little doors and windows, but still they were all pleased with it. The wainscot-table was covered with a clean cloth and plates and dishes, which looked equally neat; it is true, the spoons were not silver, nor the knives very handsome; but every thing was well dressed, and the honest host who chatted with them, and the ruddy girl who waited, pleased them all. When they went to rest, they found clean beds; and, in the morning, a good breakfast.

After

After this cheerful repast, Mr. Jones went himself, once more, to see the Curate, and to enquire how he and his family found themselves. He soon came back, and brought the agreeable news that they had all slept well; and that he found the sick much better than they were the evening before; at the same time, he added, that the Curate, with his wife and children, had promised to visit them as soon as they were well.

Nicholas was now told to harness his horses, and the host was desired to bring in his bill. He soon brought it; and it was so reasonable, that Mr. Jones could not imagine how the Innkeeper, without injuring himself, could have provided them with such good things at so cheap a rate. He shook his head, and said, friend, there must be some mistake in the reckoning. I believe not, said the

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host, a little astonished, taking the bill to look over it again; however, Mr. Jones did not wait for it, but pressing something into his hand, there is the amount of the reckoning. He then turning to his wife and children, desired them to be quick and get into the coach. What are you thinking of, Sir? cried the host; why, heaven help me, you have given me ten guineas! Mr. Jones, turning half round, smiled on him, and said, if there is more than your due, you know how to use it; when a poor soldier's wife and her children come to lodge with you; when an orphan wants clothing, or a prentice-fee.

The host would still have raised some difficulties, but Mr. Jones was so full of respect for this good man, that he shook him heartily by the hand, sprang into the coach, and away it rolled; the children

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CHAPTER XXXVI. 81

dren still crying out, good bye! good
bye! Mr. Host; and when he could
no longer hear them, they still fondly
shook their heads and hands at him.

The host would still have raised some
difficulties, but Mr. Jones was so full of
respect for this good man, that he shook
him heartily by the hand, sprang into
the coach, and away it rolled; the chil-

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE horses must have fared as well in the inn as the rest of the party. They snorted the fresh air; and were so lively, that the coachman could scarcely hold them in. They went on at such a rate that they were all pleased with the quick motion. They continued this pace for above half an hour, when the coachman was obliged to halt, because the road lay up a hill; and Mr. Jones wished to get out, that he might have a more extensive view of the beautiful country which the hill commanded. When they had gained the rising ground, he stepped in again, and the travellers went on as quick as before. They saw already, afar off, the steeples of the city; but their distance made them appear to Mary, so small,

small, that she could scarcely believe that they were the great steeples of the city. But Mr. Jones assured her that she would see them grow larger and larger as she advanced; and they would soon have seen them near enough to judge of their true height, if a fresh accident had not retarded their progress.

Some part of the harness gave way, and Nicholas was near half an hour before he could get it into order again. During that time Mr. Jones walked with his children by the fields, and made them observe the beautiful verdure of the rising corn, which decked the fields, and had attained sufficient strength to endure the rigour of the approaching winter. As they were stepping into the carriage again, they heard, at a distance, a voice cry stop, stop! they turned round, and saw a girl running towards them,

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who made signs, and shewed them something which she held in her hand. Mr. Jones went to meet her; she came up to him quite out of breath, with a purse in her hand, and said, have you not lost this, Sir? I saw you get into the coach, and found it yonder, where you were walking just now. Mr. Jones felt for his purse, and perceived indeed that he had lost it. There were four guineas in it, and a great deal of silver. He wondered at the *honesty* of the girl, whom, by her dress, he supposed to be very poor. He stroked her cheeks, asked who were her parents? whether she had any brothers and sisters? and what she had to do in the fields?

I have only an old mother, replied the girl, and she is very poor. For above a year, she has been tormented by the rheumatism, and has not been able to
do

do any work. We have nothing to live on, but what I earn by spinning. I came out now to seek for some wood, that I might make her a little broth; and I come every day to gather a few sticks together, that we may have something in the winter to keep ourselves warm with.

And why then, asked Mr. Jones, did you not keep this money? you might have maintained your poor mother a long time with it.

God keep me, exclaimed the girl, from doing such a thing! I knew very well that the money belonged to you; and, if I had kept it, it would have been just the same as if I had stolen it. I should have been finely received by my mother, if I had carried her heaps of money gotten in this way.

Mr. Jones

Mr. Jones then put his hand into his purse, probably to seek for a guinea; but his wife held it, and said, will you permit me to reward this good girl? *her honesty has gained my entire confidence.* If you will allow me, I will take her home with me, and teach her every kind of household labour; in time she may become my cook, and take care of my store-room; I perceive that I can trust this honest girl, and I have long wished for such a person in my house. She obtained, as may easily be supposed, her husband's consent, and asked the girl whether she was willing to come and live with her? promised her that she should have enough to eat and drink, and good clothes; and she should be treated, in every respect, very kindly. The girl, astonished at this offer, wept, clasped her hands, and said, ah, kind Madam! I would gladly go with you; but



*Her honesty has gained my entire
confidence.*



but what would become of my poor mother? if I left her, she would die of hunger.—I will take care of that, said Mr. Jones; I will have her carried to a house, where she will find a warm room, and enough to eat and drink. Take for the present this money, and buy some meat to make broth for your mother; and ask her whether she will let you live with us, and accept of the provision we offer her. Next week I will send for you both; tell me exactly where you live?

The girl looked at what Mr. Jones had given her, the moment she quitted them. Good gracious! cried she, how much money! half a guinea, a crown, and several shillings. She counted it over and over again; she had never in her life had half so much. She ran as quickly as she possibly could to shew it to her mother,

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mother, saying to herself, all the way she went; yes, this is well; it was well I did not keep the money. How my poor mother will be pleased when I bring her all this.

She now came to the house, laid the money on the table and said, there mother, there is a heap of money, which is all my own; and I am now going to make you some nice broth. A great Lord gave it to me; he lost a purse full of gold, I really believe there was a hundred guineas in it; I found it, and he gave me this handful of money out of it for my honesty. He had with him a beautiful, good-natured lady, I cannot tell you how good-natured she was; she said that I should come and live with her; that she would give me good clothes, and that you should be brought to a house, where you will find

find every thing you want. Next week they are to send for us; will you come with me, dear mother? The poor sick woman held up her hands towards Heaven, and prayed (shedding tears of joy) that God would bless those charitable people.

The next week a man came for them. The woman was placed in a comfortable alms-house, where she was to be maintained all her life. Mr. Jones brought up the honest girl, who soon became an excellent cook, married, some years after, an honest working man, and led a very contented life. Mr. Jones and family now approached the city; and Mary saw that the spires, which she had seen at a distance, were indeed steeples; and she was not a little surprised at it. They now spoke of nothing but Charles and his tooth-ache; and Mrs. Jones

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Jones felt her heart beat when she thought on the sad state in which they should probably find him. But how great was her joy when they came to the house and saw Charles himself, full of health and spirits, springing out to meet them. She and his father embraced him, and Mary and James did the same. As soon as Mr. Jones heard that the Jew Ephraim had cured him of his tooth-ach, he became dear to him; and he was not slow in testifying his gratitude.

CHAP.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

MR. JONES'S principal merchandize consisted of woollen cloths and stuffs, for which purpose he had established a manufactory, and constantly employed a number of women and children to spin the wool, whose labours kept many looms in motion to weave it into cloth. By those employments he maintained above three hundred people.

The day of his return was Saturday, when all the men, women and children who worked for him always came to receive the money which they had earned during the week. About six o'clock the house resembled a fair, there was such a concourse of people. Mr. Jones used to seat himself at a table, on which lay two or three bags of money, and calling them

them one after the other, made each of them shew his account, which he examined, and paid them what they had earned. The people who received the money behaved very differently, some went out with an air of stupified indifference, others murmured, and said that it was much too little, and that they could not subsist on it; but many received their wages with a cheerful countenance, thanked Mr. Jones, and said, that they would drink his health to-morrow.

A certain weaver attracted Mr. Jones's attention; he was one of the first who came into the room, yet stood still without having approached to receive his wages. He placed himself near Mr. Jones, with the fore finger of his right hand resting against his nose, and observed, very thoughtfully, how Mr. Jones told out his money. Sometimes he smiled, and





*How happy it is that there are rich men
in the world.*

and sometimes shook his head. At last Mr. Jones asked him what he was thinking of? and if he did not wish for his wages? I will wait for it, answered he, if you will continue to reckon with the people. It rejoices me to see that you have so much money to pay, and I think how *happy it is that there are rich men in the world*. How many people do you now give bread to for the whole week, and many a bit of roast meat for a Sunday. I really know not how all the people in the world would live, if there were not rich men to set them to work. They could not buy wool, and if sometimes they got a few pence, and could keep life and soul together while they spun it, or made it into cloth, they would lose half their time in going about to sell it, and at last, perhaps, be obliged to let some hard-hearted man have it; who, taking advantage of their poverty, would
just

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just give them enough to buy the bread, their children might be crying for. But now they want nothing, neither wool nor work, all the week; and are sure of receiving their wages, when Saturday night comes.

Mr. Jones looked at him with surprise, and the weaver, who observed that his discourse pleased him, continued; there are indeed many who grudge the rich their money, - and see with an envious eye that they have such beautiful houses, such fine clothes, and keep such good tables. But I always scold them, and say, you are very foolish people, who cannot see a bit further than your nose. The rich cannot eat their gold, and if they build beautiful houses, lay out fine gardens, buy grand clothes, and fare better than we can, why, they must always give money for what they get, and then it goes through

through a number of hands. The butcher, the baker, the carpenter, the mason, the smith, the farrier, the glazier, the shoemaker, and all the rest of us, profit by them; or how would these people live, if there were no men who had money to spend? I know, indeed, that nobody gains a farthing from some of the rich, by their good-will, they are always scraping more and more money together, only to hoard it up. But happily there are not many such in the world. Mr. Jones admired this rational man's discourse, paid him his wages, and advised him always to try to think in this manner; for such a contented mind would make his little meal taste better than the dainties of the hard-hearted rich, and he would lead a much happier life than those who continually viewed, with an envious eye, the good fortune of their superiors.

Scarcely was this weaver gone out of the room than another drew near, who whispered Mr. Jones in the ear, that the man, who had just left him, was a sharp hand! How so? asked Mr. Jones. He is a choice knave, answered he, if you knew how he has already deceived you, you would certainly not give him a shuttle-full more work. Mr. Jones expressed his surprise at this information, and desired him to wait till he had paid all the workmen, when he would speak with him more about the matter.

In the course of half an hour, Mr. Jones found himself alone with the weaver. Now honest man, asked he, what more have you to say to me? I only say this, that Master Jackson, who has been talking so finely to you, is a knave. I do not like to speak ill of any body, still what is true ought to be told. And

it

it is not proper that I should see such a good master cheated, without telling him of it. His wife sells one piece of stuff after another, which her husband has spun from the wool that he cheats you of, I suppose. For where else could it come from? He is always buying new clothes. Last week he had a new coat made; I cannot do thus, yet I never sit with my hands a-cross.

Mr. Jones looked at this man with a penetrating eye, and asked with a firm tone, is all this true? He cast his eyes down and answered, to be sure it is true, if it had not been so I should not have said it. And to whom did his wife sell the stuff, continued Mr. Jones? That I cannot exactly tell, replied the weaver; but you may be perfectly satisfied it is so, or I should not have said it. I would not for all the world tell you an untruth.

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Mr. Jones let him go, and promised that he would look carefully into the affair; and he really did sift the business thoroughly. He mentioned to his wife, what this man had said of Jackson; and, from that hour, she took various methods to discover the truth.

She weighed the wool and the yarn, and measured the stuff with the same exactness; comparing his work with that of the other journeymen. After she had watched thus carefully, a whole month, she came to her husband, and said, would you think it, that of all our journeymen the most honest is Jackson. I have now for a sufficient length of time observed his work, weighed, measured and compared it with what has been done by the rest of the people we employ, and found that his was always wove in the best manner, the quantity equal, and often
more

more than was brought home by the others who had the same materials given to them. On the contrary, the man who slandered him is a rogue, his stuff always wants a yard or two, and I have found out the place, where, the day before yesterday, he certainly sold a dozen yards. I am glad you have made this discovery, said Mr. Jones.

This bad man was soon called, told of his wickedness, and his work taken from him.

Jackson was then sent for, and Mr. Jones said to him, Friend, you have been a common journeyman long enough, you deserve a more profitable employment, I will make you overseer of my manufactory, you will have less work to do, and will gain more money. Be but as faithful an overseer to me, as you

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have been a weaver, and I shall be content.

The joy, this unexpected offer gave the honest man, may easily be supposed. He held up his hands and said, is it possible ! how is all this come about ? You may thank Ned Sly for it, said Mr. Jones.

Master Sly, Master Sly, who would have thought it, said Jackson, I always supposed that man owed me a grudge ; but now I see I wronged him. You have not wronged him, continued Mr. Jones, Sly is a wicked man, he complained to me of you, as if you were a cheat, and kept back part of the yarn I gave you to weave. I did not know enough of you, for how can I know all the people who work for me ? But from that time I have been very attentive : I have





*Act honestly, and your very enemies
will contribute to your happiness.*

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have carefully measured, and weighed all that you have done, and discovered that you were the most honest and industrious of all my journeymen. Tears of joy started into Jackson's eyes, he thankfully pressed Mr. Jones's hand, and said, I see now come to pass what my poor dead father continually used to say to me.

" Jack, always stick to honesty, and then your most spiteful enemies may contribute, without thinking of it, to your happiness."

He returned to his house, and carried this news to his wife and children. It is easy to suppose what joy he spread among them.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THIS act of justice afforded Mr. Jones sincere pleasure. At dinner he could talk of nothing, but honest Jackson, and assured his family that he was better pleased at having become acquainted with his real worth, and that he had it in his power to reward him, than if he had gained a thousand pounds in trade. He still continued to talk of honesty, and added, that an honest man was always happier than a knave. Had Jackson cheated me, continued Mr. Jones, he would not have gained as much as he has now by his honesty. He was very right when he said that the very enemies of an honest man often labour to promote his fortune, because they speak ill of him, which contributes to make other people

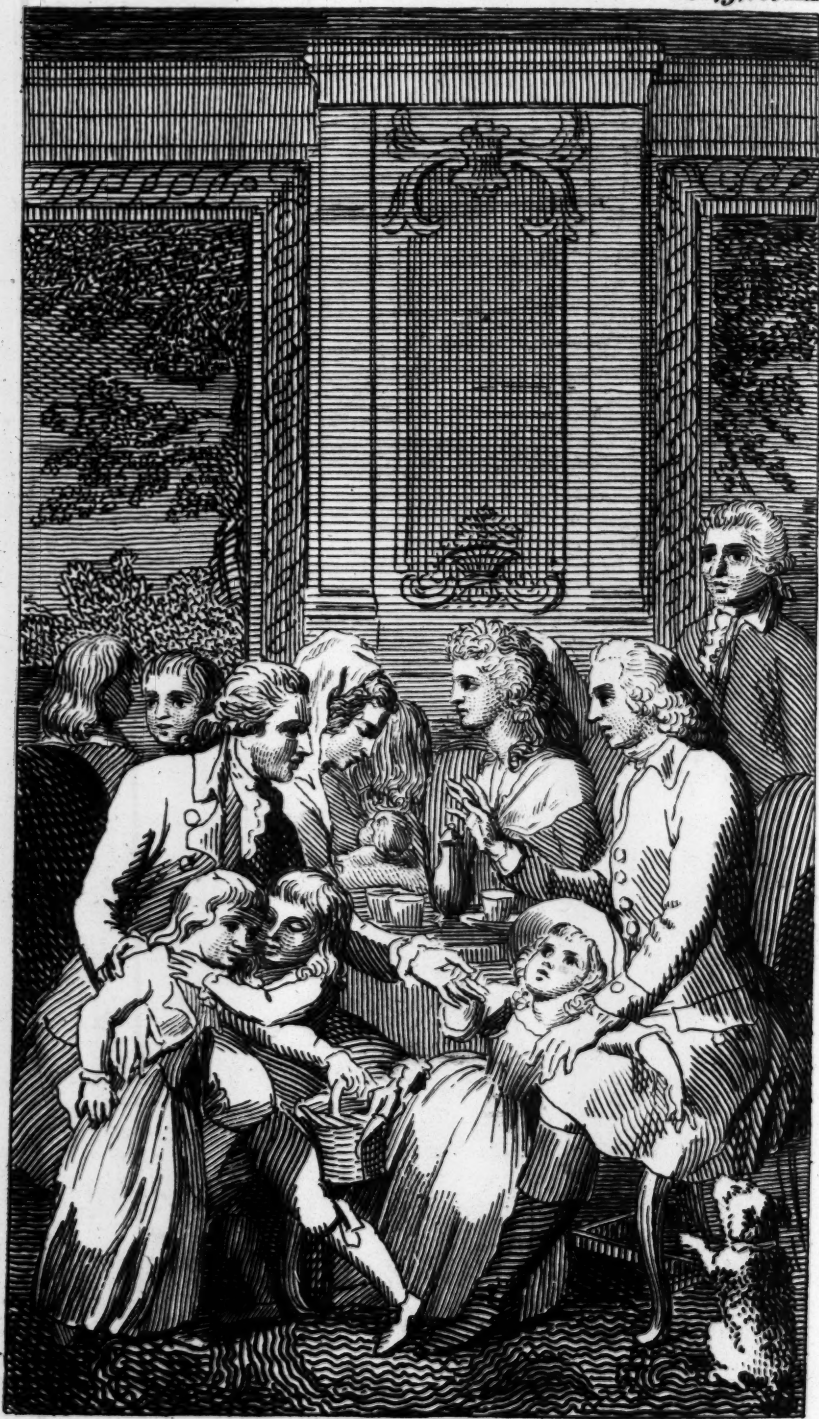
people more attentive to his conduct, and they discover the good qualities which a modest man is not eager to bring forward to notice.

At the end of a fortnight another cause of joy occurred, which gave them even more pleasure. Mr. Jones stood at the window chatting with his children, suddenly Mary cried out, father, father! look, look! what is that coming up the street? a whole cart-full of people, I really believe it is the Curate, and all his family. In a moment Chales's head was out of the window. It is, it is, indeed! There is dear Mrs. Benson, there is George and Henry. Mr. Jones was soon convinced that it was them. Now there was a tumult of joy throughout the whole house, every one calling out, here comes the Curate! here comes the curate!—The door was opened, the guests stepped out, all fresh

and in health. But at first they could not say much; they were so starved with cold that they could only bring out, as they tripped into the house, how cold it is! how dreadfully cold! Mr. Jones desired his servant to take care of their horse, and then followed his guests into a warm room.

The dear travellers thought it very pleasant to come from the frozen fields into such a comfortable room, and be received by such friendly people. Mr. Jones and his children helped them to take off their great coats and cloaks, with which they had muffled themselves, and Mrs. Jones ordered some good chocolate to refresh her friends, whose teeth still chattered with cold. Half an hour passed before they were sufficiently recovered to enter into any regular conversation; and it was not till after they had drunk





Sorrow is very beneficial.

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drunk two cups of chocolate that they began to converse. They drew their chairs nearer to each other, and Mr. Noel, who came to ask a question, was requested to make one of the party.

Now, my dear friend, said Mr. Jones, tell us what has happened to you, since we left your house; did the dismal days of sickness long endure?

The Curate related very circumstantially how much they had afterwards suffered; but assured them, at the same time, that they had never in their lives been better than they were at present; the danger, continued he, of losing my wife and children, who are my only treasure, made me very sad; but I have myself experienced, that there is nothing more true, than what I have often preached to my parishioners; *that sorrow is very be-*

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nesficial. As long as it endures, it indeed occasions us trouble and pain, but when it is past, we may plainly see the great advantages procured by it. I cannot express to you, how contentedly we all now live. Our children always loved us, because we ever treated them with tenderness; but when they, in their sickness, saw how careful we were of them, how much we suffered on their account, they then first discovered the full extent of our affection, and are now so disposed to do every thing which we desire, that we could not wish for better children. And even my wife and I love each other much better since we have learned in the sick chamber how absolutely necessary we are to each other. I myself have been very much improved by it, have become more mild and forbearing; formerly, I cannot deny it, I was a little hasty.—(Well, well, answered his wife, holding up her finger

finger with an arch look, do not tell of yourself :) formerly, continued he, I was indeed too hasty, I must acknowledge it; and I too hastily became angry when any little unlucky accident happened in the family; but now how insensibly have I been taught patience, by the anxiety which I felt on watching at the side of the sick bed; when one of them cried, oh, father, I am so thirsty! another, I must sit up; a third, oh, my head! my head! it does so ache! When the infant cried and the mother groaned, then I learned to be patient, then I learned to give soft words. Now, I should certainly not so easily be made angry by any unlucky accident.— And, how much more have I learned; I know now how we ought to nurse the sick, how to heal a bad breast, and how to treat children who have the small-pox. Since the illness of my children, I have been called in by all the peasants, whose
children

children were sick of the small-pox. I gave them the good advice, which I had gleaned from experience, and have been so lucky as to save the lives of many children, who laid in a very dangerous state, and the eyes of one; all which I should not have been able to have done, if my own sufferings had not taught me.

If we had no sorrow, we should be so accustomed to the comforts of life, that we should no more think of their real value, or enjoy the days of health and peace; but when, now and then, a day or week of anguish and distress comes, we really rejoice in the pleasant days that follow. Yes, how good does this chocolate taste in the company of such dear friends, and with my beloved family, who seem to be snatched from the grave. I should not have felt the pleasure I now do, if I had never known sorrow. It

is with sorrow as with the winter, whilst it endures it is very disagreeable; but when it is over, the recollection of it adds to the beauty and freshness of spring.

You have observed very justly, dear Curate, said Mr. Noel; for in my youth I had few real cares or sorrows, every thing went on as I could wish; but I am ashamed of myself, when I look back, when I reflect what a man I have been. —I did, at the moment, whatever pleased my foolish fancy: I was proud, without pity, and treated poor people as if they were no better than brutes. I was a tyrant to my servants, and used them ill for the least oversight. Employment was a thing I never thought of; I did nothing but eat, drink, dance and play; walk about, ridicule people, and sleep. It is only since my sufferings began, since I have endured poverty, hunger and contempt,

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tempt, that I have become prudent and virtuous. Oh, how useful! how useful has sorrow been to me!

In such friendly conversations a great part of the day passed away insensibly. About three o'clock the Curate stood up, and taking his great coat, looked as if he meant, with his family, now to bid them adieu. But they all gathered round him, and opposed his departure. Mrs. Jones entreated, her husband represented that the days were now short, and that it was dangerous to travel at night; as for Charles and Mary, they even used force, holding the great coat that he might not put it on; at last his own family deserted him, and joined in entreating him to stay. The children lamented and kissed his hand; he took refuge with his wife, and begged her to stand by him; but she made the matter worse. I think,

think, my dear, said she, we may as well stay; we have left such orders at home, that all will go well, though we should not return to-night. There was then a general expression of joy. The Curate saw himself overcome, and was obliged to give up the great-coat, which the little folks held so fast. Having gained their point, they sprang joyfully from him, and locked it up carefully in a closet.

Mrs. Jones entered, her husband repented that the days were now short, and that it was dangerous to travel at night; as for Charles and Mary, they even tried force, holding the great coat that he might not put it on; at last his own family deserted him, and joined in entreating him to stay. The children lamented and kissed his hand; he took refuge with his wife, and begged her to stand by him. She made the matter worse.

CHAPTER XL.

AFTER the children had been some time in the room, they ran into the yard to amuse themselves with sliding. They had two little sledges with which they were allowed to play, as long as the yard was covered with snow. The rough wind that had whistled in the morning, was now laid; and the weather become quite mild. The children exercised themselves so much by dragging the sledges, that they did not feel the cold; and were perfectly happy. The day now began to close, and they resolved to return to the company. But, before they quitted the yard, a pleasant thought came into Charles's head. He saw the pleasure cart in which the Curate and his family came; he got into it, begging his little playmates

playmates to follow him; they did not require many entreaties and were soon seated; and then Charles made a motion as if he drove the horse on. Jehu, jehu! cried he, that we may soon arrive at George's house. But there was no horse to receive encouragement from Charles; the cart did not move an inch from the place. Upon this, the whole party burst out a laughing, and got out again.

Their little driver followed them, though he could scarcely laugh with them. Could I but once have a ride in such a cart; dear me, how pleasant that would be! Do you really, said George, wish to go? If you do, I will run directly to my father, and beg him to let the horse be put to.

There is the cart, and there stands the horse idle; in the winter he has little work to

to do; and I have often heard that horses grow restiff when they stand long in the stable: so it cannot do him much harm if we trot about for half an hour. So, without waiting for an answer, he ran into the parlour. All the little folks followed him, and furrounded the Curate.

George first whispered in his ear what they wished; and they all seconded his prayer, either with their looks or words. The Curate shook his head and said, I know not whether Mr. Jones will be satisfied. I cannot give you my permission without his consent. All the children then fixed their eyes on Mr. Jones, and he quickly saw, by their sparkling, that they wished to ask something of him; he came up to them, and enquired very good-humouredly, what they were consulting about? The Curate told him, in a few words; and Mr. Jones,

Jones, who always liked to shew that he reluctantly refused to satisfy the wishes of his children, seemed disposed to comply. He looked at the sky, and said, the sky is clear, the weather mild, and I have no objection to the party; but we cannot let them go alone, because some accident may happen through their thoughtlessness. It is necessary that some person, of more years and experience, should accompany them. But I am afraid, my dear Sir, that this little jaunt might weary you, as you certainly are not quite recovered from the fatigue of your morning's journey. The Curate, however, assured him, that he would willingly take part in their pleasure; and added, that his little journey had not fatigued him, as he had designed to return in the evening.

The two mothers were now called, and asked whether they would accompany them.

This

This proposal was particularly agreeable to Mrs Jones, who had not been out of the house for above a week, and wished for a little exercise.

Mr. Jones then ordered his own horse to be harnessed with the Curate's, that they might not over-work the horse whilst they were taking their own pleasure; and the children hopped and jumped for joy. Whilst the horses were putting to, they drank tea, and then the whole company seated themselves in the cart; and they wrapped themselves up so warmly, that they had nothing to fear from the cold.

They drove directly to the Downs, from which they could see a great way on every side; and the icicles, which hung on the rocks and trees, seemed to be beautifully disposed on purpose to amuse them.

them. The road was beaten, and so soft, that the cart rolled smoothly on it without the company feeling any inconvenience from the motion; the weather was mild, the air still, and the whole heavens serene and bespangled with stars.

Mary was particularly pleased with this sight; and said to her brother, look at all those little lights, how they twinkle! They are not, answered Charles, little lights, but great balls; the smallest of which is said to be larger than our earth. Mary burst out a laughing, and said, only think, father, Charles wants to make me believe that those little lights above us, in the sky, are great balls.

Charles is right, replied the father, they are certainly balls; and the most part of them are larger than our earth. But how do you know that, dear father, asked

asked Mary? I know it because they are so far from us, and still we can see them. Do you not remember how little the steeples of our city appeared when we were at a distance from them? It is the same with the stars, they seem little to us because we are far from them. If they were no larger than a flambeau, they would be as invisible to us as the bruises on the little balls at the tops of the steeples you saw when we were removed at a distance from them.

But is not this very wonderful, continued Mary? who has placed the stars so high? it is impossible for a man to reach them.

It is indeed impossible, answered Mr. Jones; and it is for this reason that we ought to be certain, that beside man, there still must be a being whose power
extends

extends to the stars, as well as to our earth. I will now name this being to you:—children hear his name with reverence! He is called GOD! at these words Mr. Jones folded his hands, the Curate did the same, the children imitated their example, and a profound silence ensued for above a minute; which the Curate broke, by saying, there is ever an awful pause in my mind, when I think on this subject. We must be blind if, in what we see above, below and around us, we do not discover God. No mill, no watch, begins to move of itself. All these machines are produced by the human understanding; much less can the great world proceed from itself. Every thing goes on in it as orderly as in a good watch. The stars never go out of their course, or drive against one another; and all things spring up in due season; as I can point out beforehand, where the
hands

hands of my watch will stand at a certain hour, so I know where the sun will be at eight o'clock to-morrow morning; where, to-morrow, will be this great beautiful star which is called Venus; nay, in what part of the sky the moon will appear in a few minutes. Look where I point with my finger, there it will soon be visible.

Scarcely had they advanced a few yards, when the moon arose; and they all clapped their hands and cried, Oh the beautiful moon! How little are we when compared with God, continued he. I sometimes think, with wonder, on what I possess, when I walk in my garden. If I had a whole village, men would reckon me very rich; if a large estate, I should be called a great lord; and still greater, should I appear, if I had kingdoms; as for example, a prince, king, or emperor.

But if I had a thousand kingdoms, if I had the whole earth, what portion should I have of the whole universe?—not more than one of those little stars which glow above us. For to the people who inhabit those little stars, our earth, with all its mountains, cities and steeples, would not be visible.

Are there then people in the stars? asked Mary, full of astonishment.

How can we doubt it, answered the Curate, for do you not see, my dear children, that on the earth every thing is filled with living creatures. Dig into the earth, there all is alive. Mount upon a tree, there you will find various insects. Cut a tree in two, and you will see that it contains a little city, in which there is a multitude of inhabitants. How many thousands of insects live in a single

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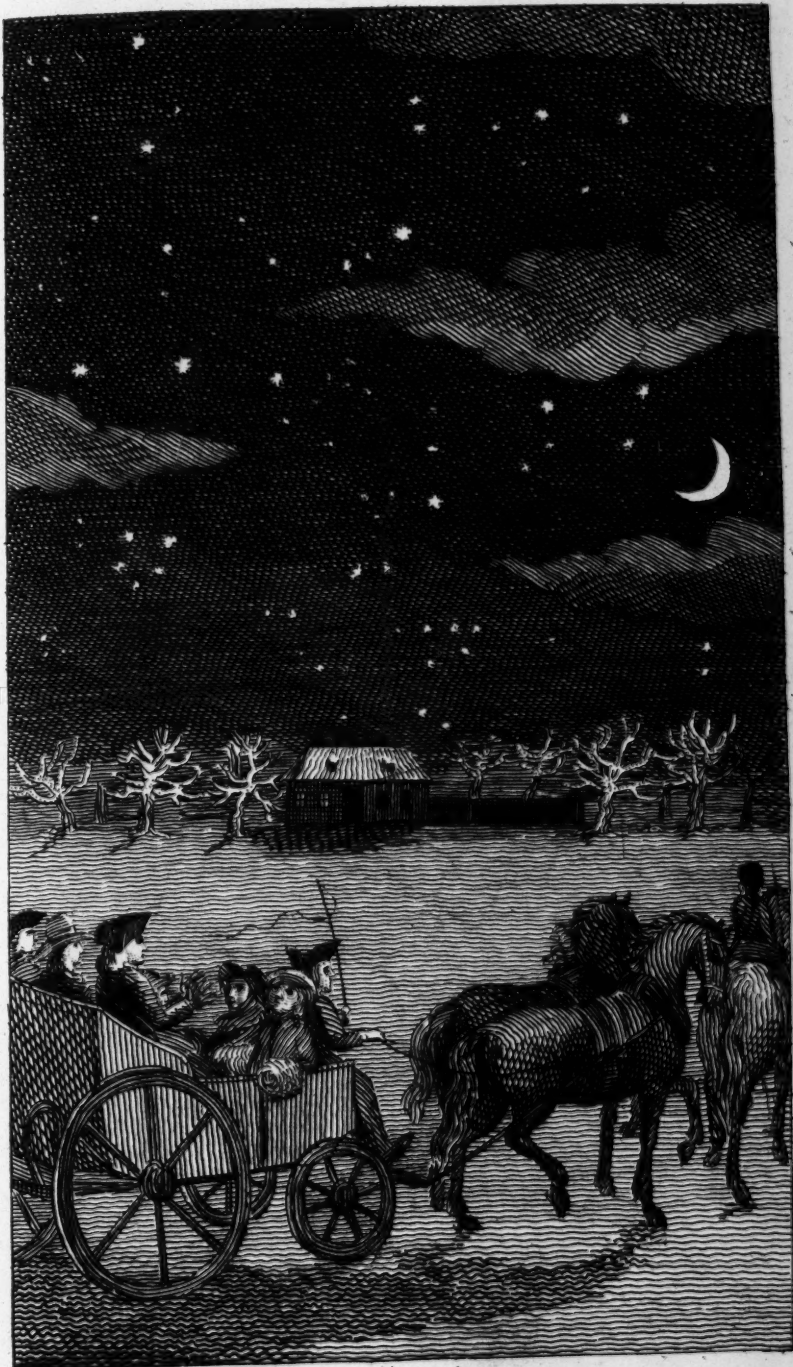
cheese ! If God thus fills every little corner of the earth, do you think that he would leave those great globes like a desert ? Would he have gathered together all the living creatures upon such a small point as our earth ? The stars which we see are only a small part of the universe.

Look at that broad white strip which crosses the sky, it is all composed of stars, which men discovered through good telescopes, and who knows how many thousand are still above them ! God has made all these, they belong to God.—

O God, how great art thou ! Oh God, how great art thou ! repeated Mr. Jones after him, and the whole company, full of admiration, remained silent.

Have you then, asked Mary, seen God ? I have not seen him, nor can any one see him, replied the Curate.

I cannot



O God, how great art Thou!

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I cannot believe then that God is here, if we do not see him, said Mary. I see you and my father, George and all the rest of us; I see the houses too; why then do I not see God? The Curate would have explained the matter to her; but a sudden gust of wind carried his hat a considerable way over the downs.

The boy who rode on the first horse held him in; the Curate got out, and was obliged to run a good while before he caught his hat, for the wind rolled it before him.

After he had got it again, he came back to the cart, and said, do you know what took off my hat, and made it roll so far across the downs? Oh, you know very well, says Mary, that it was the wind. The wind, answered the Curate, have you ever seen it? Mary having as-

fured him that she never had, you perceive then, he continued, my good girl, that there are things which no one has ever seen, and which still can produce effects. It is the same with God; no one sees him; yet he works every where.

During this conversation the hour destined for the little jaunt expired, and they turned towards home.

The children were so touched by what the Curate had said of God, that they were scarcely arrived at the house, when they begged him and Mr. Jones to tell them something more of their Creator. Mr. Jones went into an adjacent room, and brought a beautiful magnet with him. Pay attention, children, said he, now I will shew you something very remarkable; he laid a needle, then a knife upon the table, it soon raised them both;

he

CHAPTER XL. 125

he afterwards laid a bar of iron under it, to which a ring was fastened; it flew in the same manner, hanging to this wonderful stone, and so firmly adhered to it, that a considerable weight, which was suspended to the ring, could not separate them.

What has raised the iron? asked Henry.

There is something invisible, answered Mr. Jones, always in the magnet, which attracts iron. There are many things beside which we cannot see, whose effects we still feel. Approach the oven, and you will feel it warm; go into the fresh air, and you will feel it cold. We have remarked, that cold makes the running water hard; and that when you carry ice into a room, warmth will make it flow again. Nevertheless, you have

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never seen either heat or cold in the air, which does all this.—So it is with God.—Wherever we cast our eyes, we see his works; but he himself is invisible to us.

During these instructive conversations, the evening past away; the time of rest approached; but the children were so impressed by what they had heard of God, that they earnestly entreated their parents to continue this conversation next day.

CHAPTER XLI.

SCARCELY were the children assembled at breakfast, the following morning, when they repeated the request, which they had made to their parents the evening before, that they would say something more of God; and Mr. Jones desired the Curate to take the task on himself.

Dear children, said he, you may easily believe that the God who has made those great globes in the heavens, and all that we see on earth, could easily torment and injure us, or, in a moment, kill us; but he does not do it; he only employs his power to give joy and pleasure to the living creatures whom he has created. All the pleasure that you have enjoyed in

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your

your life, and still will enjoy, comes from the same God who made the stars. For he has produced every thing that affords you pleasure. This chocolate, for example—

I beg your pardon, Sir, interrupted Mary; our cook made it. So it seems to you, continued the Curate; but, in fact, all comes from God. The cocoa, and the sugar-cane, of which the chocolate is made, he commanded to grow. He produced the seeds out of which these plants sprang; warmed them with his sun, and moistened them with his rain. The water, which is necessary to mix with these ingredients, he bade spring out of a source that never fails; and the cook could not have made this chocolate, if God had not given her more understanding than he has given to a cat or a dog.

So

So it is with every thing that we see; God has made all. Nevertheless it would all be lost on us, if he had not so formed us that we can enjoy pleasure.

Mary, hold your hand out a little; I will shed a little chocolate into it; does it not taste very good?

You joke, Sir, said Mary, I taste nothing. He then gave her half a cup-full, which she raised to her mouth; and assured him, that now indeed she tasted it. You see, children, how good God is, continued the Curate. Had he given to our tongue and palate the same kind of skin that covers our hands, we should taste nothing, nor receive any more pleasure from good roast mutton, than from chewing straw. And, on the contrary, had he made our hands in such a manner that we could taste through

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them, only suppose how uncomfortable it would make us. Every moment we must take hold of things which have a disagreeable taste; and that would cause constant loathing and disgust. When we took a walnut out of its green covering, how much bitterness must we taste before we come to the sweet nut!

He took a little almanack out of his pocket, and shewed the children some pictures, which they observed with pleasure. He then bid them shut their eyes, and held a picture to them; but they saw nothing. God could, continued he, easily have formed our eyes like our eyelids; how miserable we should then have been! there would have been for us no beautiful colours, no rays of the sun, no stars in the sky to please us, our whole life long would be a black night. Shut your eyes once again, do you not find it true?

true? is not all obscure and black before you? So would you have been obliged to grope about all your life, if God had not in such an ingenious manner formed your eyes. But come to me, Henry, and look in my eyes, what do you see? Myself, answered Henry. I see indeed two little Henrys, which appear as like to me as one egg to another. And I see in thine, said the Curate, two little Curates. Our eyes are like small looking-glasses, in which every object is reflected, that passes immediately before us. In this way we remark every thing beautiful, which God has produced in the world; we see the mountains, the woods, the flowers, the birds, the animals, the stars in the heavens, and our dear friends. Have you understood me? the children assured him that they had. And now, George, stop your ears with your fingers. We see the mountains, the woods, the
G 6 flowers,

flowers, the birds, the animals, the stars in the heavens, and our dear friends, (he winked that he should open his ears again,) have you now understood me? Not a word, dear father, answered he. How much pleasure, rejoined the Curate, should we be deprived of, if God had not given us ears. We should not hear the instructive conversations of our friends, nor the sweet sounds of music; and of what use would be the melodious voice of the nightingale, if we did not perceive it?—all would be useless to us.

What an agreeable odour the rose, the carnation, the auricula, the hyacinth, has! all these pleasures may be ascribed to that wisdom which has formed our nose different from our eyes, hands, and mouth; because he has formed it in such a manner, that through it we can feel the exhalations of things.

It

It is thus our eyes, our ears, mouth, and nose, are so many doors through which pleasure enters into our souls. But, oh, how much pain too, dear Mr. Curate, said Charles, if you did but know what a dreadful pain I had in my teeth when my parents and sister were with you! Does pain also come from God. Undoubtedly, answered the Curate, pain also comes from God. For God, who has so formed us that we can feel agreeable sensations, made our nature such, that we must also feel disagreeable ones. But when he has sent pain, he only does it that through pain he may procure us more pleasure. Your father has informed me, that your tooth-ache gave you an opportunity of becoming acquainted with an honest Jew who freed you from the pain; that this acquaintance had engaged him to advance a considerable sum that enabled the Jew to begin

a business, by which he maintains his family in a decent, honest manner. When you see this Jew, what do you think?

I always feel sincere joy, replied Charles.

And this joy, continued the Curate, you have to thank your tooth-ache for. If you had not had the tooth-ache, the Jew could not have cured you, your father would not have become acquainted with him, and of course would not have lent him the money, which has been of so much use to him. Your pain is long since over, but the Jew's happiness will for a length of time afford you joy. Experience has then taught you that pain is something good, because it leads to joy. Can you still recollect how the Jew looked, who freed you from your pain?

O yes!

O yes! answered Charles, very well; he had a large nose, a grey beard, a brown coat, and a very strange way of talking. It seems to me as if I now heard him speak, as if I saw him before me.

Observe, said the Curate, further, that God has so made us, that we can represent to ourselves past and absent things, and relish our amusements over again; he procures us, in this way, much pleasure. By this faculty we can represent an absent friend to our minds, remember the good we have done, the pleasures we have enjoyed; and procure ourselves many agreeable hours, independent of outward circumstances. Have you never read a book that amused you.

Yes, many, answered they all.

Laft

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Last week, said Charles, I read Young's Grandison; it is a charming book, and quite delighted me.

But, continued the Curate, if you were to put that book before a dog or a cat, it would not understand a word of the contents; and therefore could not receive any amusement from it. If God then had not given you reason, only think how many pleasures you would be deprived of; you could neither read a book, nor write a letter; you could not reflect how you could better your situation; and no houses would be built, but you would be obliged to live in holes and caverns like animals. Does it not then appear that God must love men, when he has formed them in such a manner that they can enjoy so much pleasure?

But, said George, does not God love the poor animals, because He has not created

created them in such manner that they can enjoy as much pleasure as men?

Be not anxious about that, answered his father; God has so formed every animal, that the greater part of its life is past contentedly; its pleasures far exceed its pains. If animals are deprived of many of the enjoyments that God has granted to man, recollect that man is the most perfect work we are acquainted with, and has the most duties to fulfil. On the contrary, animals are perhaps often gratified with things which we pass over with indifference; life is a blessing to them, because it is a gift from God, who, when He called any creature into existence, designed to communicate some degree of happiness to it; and when it suffers pain, it is to render it better, in order that it may enjoy more pleasure. Look at Charles's Sancho, who is sleep-
ing

ing yonder. God has particularly destined for his nourishment the bones, which man cannot eat; he can gnaw the gristles, find the marrow in the bones, and live on what we cannot eat or relish. The poor animal would be in a dreadful state if he had a hoof like a horse, and weak teeth like a sheep. But you have just perceived that his Creator foresaw all that he would have need of, to procure his food. Now I have something fast in my hand. Come hither, George, and try if you can guess, by smelling it, what it contains.—You cannot. Now I will hold my hand to Sancho. See how he licks it, how he wags his tail; he will soon bark, he gives us now to understand that my fist contains something which is proper for him to eat—there, Sancho, you shall have it, you have guest it; it was a crust of bread. You perceive, by this, that God has given a finer sense

sense of smelling to the dog, than to us; by which means he seeks for, and discovers, all the nourishment around him, which is fit for him. Consider a little his paws—how supple they are, and provided with such excellent nails with which he can hold fast the bone he wishes to gnaw; but this could not be done if he had the feet of an horse or a goat: and these teeth, see how firm and spiky they are; by the help of them he can crack the hardest bones, and find the marrow. It is the same with all animals—God has taken as much care of them as of the dog—He has given to each all that it required to procure it food and pleasure. If Mrs. Jones has in her kitchen a fowl or a fish, intended for dinner, and will allow me to observe it a little, I will let you yourselves see that God has tenderly thought of it.

Mrs. Jones

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Mrs. Jones went smiling out of the room; but soon came back, and brought with her, a pike, and a wild goose, which the cook had just killed and drawn.

Here will be something to see, cried the Curate, children pay attention! this goose found its pleasure in the water; and you see that it is so formed, that it can live as well in the water as a man can on land. See what large feet it has, very unlike those of a turkey; but these kind of feet are necessary, that it may make its way through the water. If it had not such feet, it would with difficulty move from the place where it first began to swim. See how thick and close the feathers are together, so that the water rolls off without wetting it. Through the assistance of this warm fur, the animal can live continually in the water, without a drop coming to its body. But the
food

food it finds in ponds and lakes, where it usually supports itself, might easily fail.—What then would the poor animal do? its feet are not made for running. If it walked on the earth from one pond to another, it would soon be hurt, or carried away by its enemies, but this inconvenience has been foreseen and provided for. What it wants in swiftness of foot has been made up by those long and strong wings. With these it can raise itself in the air very high, and can move itself from one place to another far quicker than I can in my pleasure-cart. Let us now examine its eyes, they are undoubtedly very different from ours. Observe further, the tender little skin, which this animal can spread over its eye, yet can see very well through it.—This skin, indeed, must be very useful when it plunges its head into the water, for it guards the eye in such a manner that
no

no water can penetrate to it, and yet does not prevent its discerning its food at the bottom. Its bill also deserves attention. It is armed with teeth with which it can break its prey.

Now let us consider the pike; it has neither feet nor wings; but these are not necessary; it only lives in the water, and never seeks for any pleasure out of it; yet it has been formed by its Creator with the same art and wisdom as other animals. Feel this armour which covers its body: it is all composed of scales, which lie so closely one over the other, that not a drop of water can come through them. You have certainly seen a ship, or some other vessel, and remarked the rudder, which the pilot turns to direct its course. Our pike has likewise this rudder—it is his tail, in which there is great strength; when he strikes
the

the water with it he can move himself wherever he wishes; yes, he can, by the help of it, so strongly impel himself forward, that he glides through the water like a dart. And it must be so, or he would not live comfortably, because the little fish are destined for his support, and how could he catch them, if he had not been made to swim quicker than they? But let us examine the other parts of his body. As the pike was made to live by hunting small fish, some of which you see in his maw; he had need of arms: see these hooked teeth, which are so firmly set; when he chases a fish, he darts upon it open-mouthed—snaps it—and alas! the poor fish that comes into his teeth need not think of escaping. You may ask, indeed, with surprize, why God has abandoned this little fish to the voracious pike? But consider, if God would give life to a
great

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great number of animals, it could not be otherwise, some must support others. We hunt the hare and the partridge, and find them very good; why then should it seem unreasonable to us, if the pike chafes the little fish, and strengthens himself by devouring them? Some time or other those animals must die, and when the pike swallows a fish, it is done in the twinkling of an eye; on the contrary, they would have endured much more if they had died of old age. I shall only say a few words more of the pike; he is not entirely without feet. These strong fins serve instead of them, and must be very useful to him when he swims through the water, or glides to the bottom, which he often does.—It is the same with all other animals: if you could bring me a thousand different ones, or the smallest worm, I could shew you in each how God has provided it with





O God, how good art Thou!

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with the organs, or instruments, necessary for its obtaining all the nourishment and pleasure necessary for it.

O God, how good art thou! cried Charles, quite affected. Yes, indeed, added Mr. Jones, we have cause to say, *O God, how good art thou!* When I see the works of God, I cannot help believing that he is a Master, whose greatest joy is to render happy those creatures whom he has made; or, to speak with more propriety, that he is the great Father of all. Through the whole world has he diffused pleasure; in every little plant, in every drop of water does it lurk; and he has so formed every living creature, that it can draw, from this common source, its portion of pleasure.

CHAPTER XLII.

WHILE Mr. Jones was speaking, the Curate slipped out of the room. In about a quarter of an hour he returned, and told the company something, which was not very agreeable to them. The horse, said he, is put to, and waits for us: children, we must now immediately take leave. Then they all began, as they did the evening before, to expostulate, complain and intreat. But after the Curate had represented to Mr. Jones that the necessary duties of his profession now obliged him to return home, he took his part, and said, I dare not detain a man who has important business at home. Charles and Mary had, at first, refused to give up the Curate's great coat, which they had seized on; but as soon as their father

father desired them, they brought it to him. They now stood, near a quarter of an hour, taking leave; thanking and kissing each other. Then the guests stepped into the cart, after having received an assurance from Mr. Jones and the family, that they would soon come and see them; and off they drove to their own village.

After dinner, Mr. Jones returned to his business, and encouraged his family to do the same. During January, and part of February, their employments went on in a regular manner, without any thing remarkable happening. It was towards the middle of February that something occurred which at first made them all very uneasy.

One day, as Mr. Jones was sitting in the midst of his family, amusing himself

with them, Mrs. Sandford entered the room; her eyes were red with weeping, and after a short compliment, the bitterest complaints burst from her. Mr. and Mrs. Jones, said she—ah, dear Mrs. Jones, pity me!—If you do not take my part, if you do not assist me, I know not where I shall find refuge. They offered her a chair, and asked her what had distressed her.—She seated herself, and said, you will see how a poor widow is treated. I have earned so much by my daughters, and my own hard labour, as to be able to lay by one hundred pounds; this sum I did not wish to touch while I could work, that I might have something when I became old or sick; or if my dear children should have any unforeseen occasion for it. I know not how Mr. Skinpenny, who has an apartment in the house where I lodge, heard of it: but it is about six months since he came
into

into my room, and asked whether I could lend him a hundred pounds? saying, that he should lose a great advantage in trade, if he had not that sum to complete a payment: he added, that he would give me a note for it; and, at the end of a quarter of a year, would pay me the money with many thanks. I did not even suppose that I had any reason to fear being betrayed by a man who had more guineas than I had pence. I gave him the money, and he gave me a note; I put this note into my bureau, and thought my money in good hands.

But what do you suppose has happened? Three months passed away; another and another followed it, and Mr. Skinpenny did not appear to think of paying me. At last I reminded him. Woman! replied he hastily, do you dream, or are you mad? What, I borrow

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a hundred pounds of you? not a hundred pence have I seen of your's; I think you are joking with me. I replied, you have so much business in your head, that probably you have forgotten this trifle; but I will shew you your note.—

Yes, said he, when I see that, I will readily believe you. I ran up to my room, opened my bureau, but no note could I see. I searched through every part of it, through every corner of the room; but no note could I find.

What could a poor woman do? I went to a relation of my deceased husband, who is an attorney, and told him of my distress. He advised me to bring the affair into a court of justice, offered to take my cause in hand, and added, that he would certainly make Mr. Skinpenny pay me. But this business has been going on for some time, without my

my being able to guess how it will end; and has already drawn from me all the little money I had left. To-morrow it is to be determined; and Mr. Skinpenny will swear that I did not lend him the money. Think of this man, who will advance before the court, and venture to say, that he will renounce the blessing of God; nay, that he wishes He may punish him if he received the gold from me, when he knows very well that he did. What a wicked man! my blood runs cold when I think of it. If he swears, I shall not only lose my money, and have to pay the costs of the suit; but be reckoned a cheat by those who are not thoroughly acquainted with my character.—I, poor widow, I have no witness of my innocence, *but that God who knows all!*

Mr. and Mrs. Jones sincerely pitied her. It is, said Mr. Jones, a disagreeable business; I know not what advice to give you; if the man swears, the money is lost; but do not let your courage sink, my dear Madam. The all-seeing God is indeed, as you say, your witness; He knows that you lent the money, and that you received a note from the miser; and he will certainly, one day, bring your innocence to light. This, said Mrs. Sandford, is my only comfort; if I had not this, I should sink under such a weight of sorrows.

While she was speaking thus, some one knocked violently at the door, and entered before they could guess who it was. It was a girl who had run herself quite out of breath. Is Mrs. Sandford here? asked she; then perceiving her, she said, is it true that you have a law-suit

suit with Mr. Skinpenny; and does he intend to swear to-morrow that he never received any money from you? Be easy, things will not go so smoothly; here, here is his note!—He has torn it, to be sure; but it may still be read. You will probably wish to know how I got it; I will soon tell you.

You may remember that I lived some time ago as a servant in the house where you lodge. One day, when you went out with your daughters, I was putting some things to rights in a little closet on the same floor with your apartment; Mr. Skinpenny came softly up stairs, opened your door, and went up to your bureau, with a key in his hand; I was astonished to see him enter—to think that a man, whom I knew to be so rich, should turn thief! and waited where I stood, till he came out—He did not

make me wait long; he soon came out with a piece of paper in his hand, and shut the door very carefully after him. This made me very curious to know what he had been doing in your room; and as soon as he had returned into his own, I crept softly down stairs, peeped through the key-hole, and saw him tear the paper, and throw it into a closet amongst some other waste papers, which he generally burnt in the evening when he had a light. Now, thought I, I have seen enough. At night when I made his bed, and lighted his candle, I busied myself, for some time, about the room, and when he turned his back for a moment, I snatched up the paper, and was half dead with fear, when I saw that the man had been so wicked as to steal a note which he had given you as an acknowledgment of a debt. I wished to have told you of it immediately, but you know

know when one has one's bread to get it is necessary to be careful; I was afraid that my mistress would turn me away for disobliging her lodger, and I did not know what steps he might take to wreak his vengeance on me, so I resolved to lock it up safe in my trunk.

I was soon after sent for to visit my poor sick mother, and quite forgot the affair, till I heard, this morning, of your law-suit. I then ran quickly to my trunk, and found the note where I had left it, and was as glad as if I had found twenty pounds. Here, take it, and hold it to-morrow under the old cheat's nose. I will be in court myself, and declare all I know of the matter.

It may be easily conceived how good Mrs. Sandford was affected, when she saw herself suddenly delivered from all

her troubles, by the honesty of this girl. Trembling, she raised her hands towards heaven, and said, *O God, who knowest all things, how wonderfully hast Thou brought my innocence, and this man's wickedness to light!* O God, who knowest all things, added Mr. Jones, Thou art the witness of all our actions! happy would it be for us, if we always thought of Thy divine presence, and constantly did justice; so wouldest Thou one day make our honesty appear, either in this world or a better. —He afterwards praised the girl's honesty, and encouraged her to relate, firmly, in the court, what she had seen; and then went himself with her to the counsellor, and told him the discovery which they had made by her means.

He testified his joy, like a humane man, at this intelligence, and promised that



*O God, Thou knowest all things, how
wonderfully hast Thou brought my innocence
and this man's wickedness to light!*

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that the innocent Mrs. Sandford should have ample justice done her the following day.

At the hour appointed, Mrs. Sandford was ready, with a chearful face; and Mr. Jones also went into court to see what turn this affair would take. Mr. Skimpenny appeared with a confused countenance, and the Judge asked him if he still persisted to deny that he had borrowed any money of Mrs. Sandford?

Yes, was his answer; I did not want money, and if I had, I certainly should not have thought of applying to such a poor woman.

The judge then asked him if he would take his oath.

Yes,

Yes, answered he, with a firm voice.

The counsellor then shewed him his note; he started back at the sight, as if he had been struck with lightning; however he recollected himself in a minute, and said, it was a forgery, and that he would swear that he had not written it. But when the maid was called, who told him to his face in what manner he had stolen the note out of Mrs. Sandford's room, he could no longer deny it.

The Judge then gave a charge to the Jury, who, without going out of court, pronounced him guilty, and he was condemned to pay her the money, and damages to the amount of two hundred pounds, beside the costs.

Mr. Skinpenny would have preferred a prison to parting with so much money; but when he recollected himself, he gave
it,

it, as if he had been parting with so much of his heart's blood.

It is easy to conceive what anguish it must have cost him, who groaned when he was obliged to part with a penny. All those who were in court sincerely rejoiced that God had brought to light a crime that had been so cunningly concealed. Afterwards Mrs. Sandford gave ten guineas to the girl, as a reward for her honesty, which she had some difficulty to make her accept.

The Judge then gave a charge to the jury, who, without going out of court, pronounced him guilty, and he was condemned to pay back the money, and damages to the amount of two hundred pounds, beside the costs. Mr. Skimpenny would have preferred a pillion to parting with so much money. he recollected himself, he gave

CHAPTER XLIII.

WHEN Mr. Jones returned home, he found a poor woman who had already waited for him above half an hour. She most earnestly entreated him to visit old Martin, one of his weavers, because he had been treated very inhumanly by his son, who had left him to starve in a garret. What ! a son let a father die with hunger ? asked Mr. Jones, quite shocked ; and, without saying a word more, he followed the woman, who conducted him to the poor man.

After having mounted up three pair of stairs, he found him in the most wretched state : old age had rendered him so infirm, that he was unable to get out of his bed, and this bed scarcely deserved the

the name of one, for it only consisted of rags and a few old cushions, with not more than a handful or two of feathers in them. What ! do you come yourself ? cried the wretched grey-headed man, as soon as he discovered him. Ah ! will you help me ? You see now how cruelly my graceless son has treated me ! I gave him my house, with only this condition, that he should maintain me till my death ; but, no sooner had he the house secure, than he used me like a dog ; he turned me out of my own room, and only allows me this miserable garret, where I am almost frozen with cold—He eats with his wife every day good roast or boiled meat, and only sends me bread and cheese, or some cold scraps ; and, as if this was not enough, I am often obliged to wait till three or four o'clock before I can get a morsel, and when he brings me something, he gives it me with the most cutting

ting words; he has even said, that he is tired of me—that he could not any longer nurse me—that I had lived long enough—and that it was time that I should leave the world. Oh! Mr. Jones, it is hard to hear such things from a child whom I have carefully brought up from his infancy, and put in a way to earn an honest livelihood.

Mr. Jones trembled in every limb when he heard this. I could not have believed that there was a monster in the world, with such a hard heart, said he, as to abandon a father, who had been careful to nourish and educate him during his childhood. Desire the man to come up here, continued he, angrily, to the woman who had conducted him.

He came up with a ferocious look, and Mr. Jones asked him, very solemnly, whether

whether he was not afraid that God would punish him for leaving his father, his greatest benefactor, in want and sorrow? Why, replied the rude man, I have children of my own to support, and I have enough to do to procure them bread; I know not where it is to come from, if this old man must always have some dainty to devour; indeed, it is impossible for any man to bear with him. When he is in our room he finds fault with every thing; sometimes he scolds about this, sometimes about that. I do not like to have in my house such noise and vexation; I will be master here.

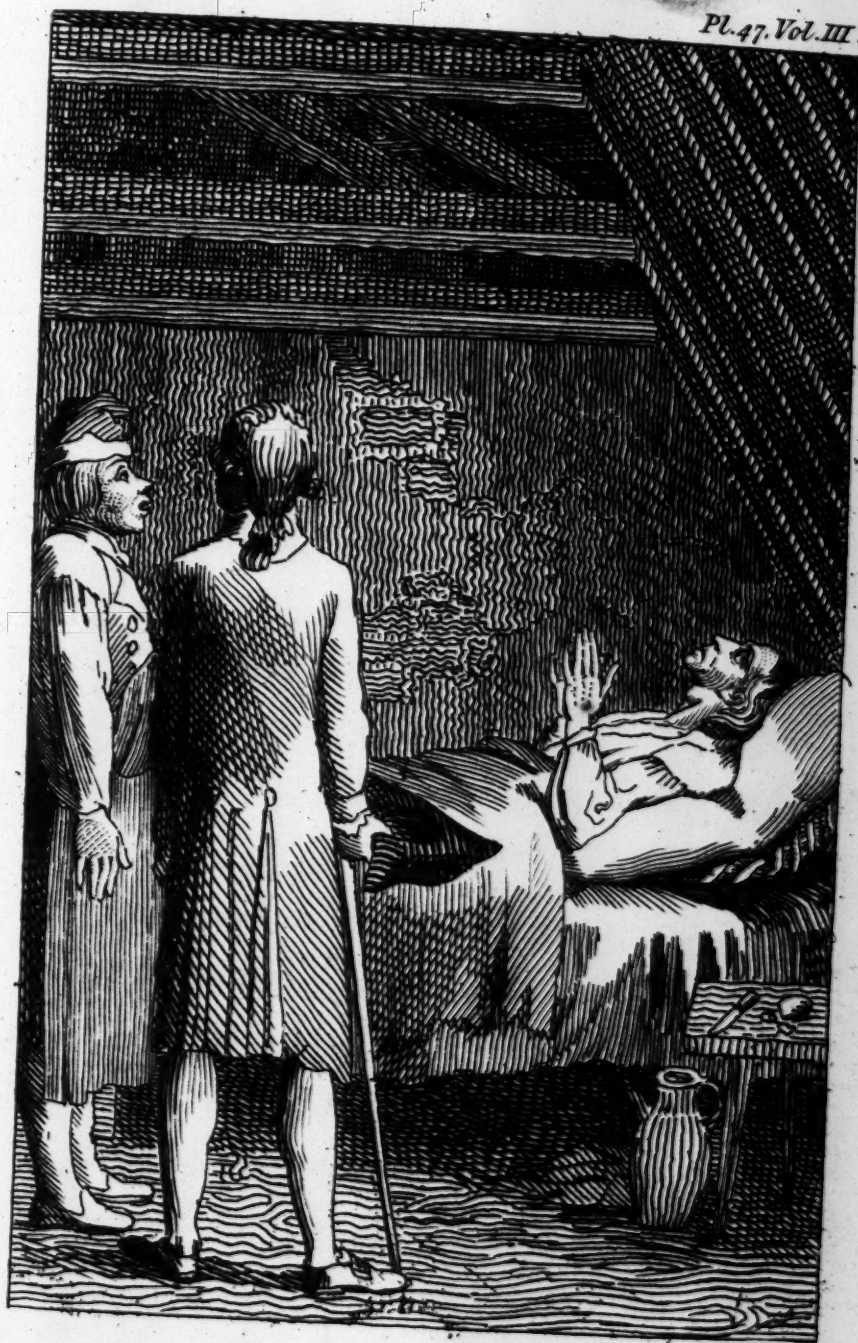
The old man interrupted Thomas, saying, Thomas, what are you talking about? Do you not know that the house is mine? Have I, your father, deserved this of you?

Well,

Well, what right have you to say so much, answered the hard-hearted man, you did not use your father much better; for our neighbours have not failed to tell me what an undutiful son you were in your youth—Do you still recollect how you gathered the scraps from your table, for your poor father, which other people gave to their dogs?

The grey-headed man trembled with remorse when he heard these bitter reproaches, and groaned out, *O God!—Thou art just!*

Mr. Jones then desired this ungrateful son to leave the room, and asked the old man, whether the accusation which his son had brought against him was true? A stream of tears started from his eyes at the question. Ah, woe is me! answered he, they are but too true! I
had



O God! Thou art just!

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had also my old father in my house, and because he for some years lay bed-ridden, and could no longer earn any thing, I was weary of supporting him, and indeed often let him suffer want—and, oh! I now remember that I sometimes used very hard words when I spoke to the old man,—my father. Here, upon these flocks, where I lie, he also laid for three years, till he died in the greatest misery.—Yes, now I see that my behaviour to my poor old father deserved this punishment.

Unhappy man, said Mr. Jones, how could you be so cruel to abandon your father? Did you never think how much trouble he had with you in your infancy? Did you not know then that God sees all, and that he is just? That he returns to every man what he has merited? That he rewards the good, and punishes the wicked?

wicked? Could you expect your son to become good, when you yourself were wicked? See in all this the justice of God—bear patiently with the punishment you have deserved—and pray to God to have mercy on you; mean while I will endeavour to soften your misery as much as I can—Here is half a guinea; get something to cheer you, and I will now go to your son and advise him to act more like a man;—and if you shew by your patience that you truly repent, God may, perhaps, soften your punishment. Saying so, Mr. Jones left the old man, whose tears flowed fast as he begged God to pardon him, and went to seek for his son.

He spoke very forcibly to him, and asked whether he did not hope to live to be old, and whether he did not fear that his children might treat him, in the days

of his weakness, as he now treated his old father? He added, that the God who now punished his father's sins, would also, in his own time, certainly punish him. For of this he ought to be convinced, since no man could escape the chastisement of the All-wise and just God; and growing still warmer, he continued, that if he did not that very day bring his old father into a warm chamber, and procure him a good bed, and sufficient nourishment and attendance, he would take no more notice of him, and never give him any more employment; for if a man was so wicked as to be ungrateful to his parents, he should never expect him to act honestly towards other men. These words were like a loud thunder-clap to the hard heart of the son, and frightened him into a promise, that he would behave better to his father in future.

And

And now indeed the fate of the miserable wretch was softened. Mr. Jones often enquired after him, and always heard that he was no longer suffered to want any thing, though his heart was torn by the keenest remorse for his treatment of his father.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE weather, towards the end of February, after the hard winter, became very mild;—the sun began to shine—warm winds to blow—and the snow to melt away. Charles and Mary saw with much pleasure how the earth and the tiles, which, till then, had been all white, now began to shew their own colours. They believed that the spring was certainly coming—They actually considered how they should alter their little garden—what they should sow and plant in it—and already began to gather the seeds together, which they intended to sow in their little beds.

But, as during the winter an unusual quantity of snow had fallen, which the

sudden warmth of the weather dissolved, it covered all the fields like a sea, and the moistened earth could not readily imbibe such an unusual deluge of water. Torrents ran from all the mountains, swelling the Severn till it overflowed its banks, and spread desolation over the whole country.—It was a dreadful flood!

It may be supposed that Mr. Jones's family were in pain for their beautiful garden, which lay on the banks of this river. Charles and Mary were continually peeping out to see how far the waters were come. When they went to bed one night, the stream seemed to be as high as the bank; but in the morning the maid came into the room with the sad news, that the whole garden was under water.

At the same time, they heard from all sides complaints of the devastation which

the waters had made. One man spoke of the bridges, mills, and houses, that had been carried away; of the trees which had been torn up by the roots, and of the men that had been drowned. These accounts caused great trouble in Mr. Jones's family; he was sorry for his garden, but still more so for the unhappy wretches, who by this inundation had probably lost all their property. Mary regretted her auriculas, and Charles was in pain for his beds of cabbages. Mrs. Jones thought of the little summer-house which had been built only a few years at some little distance from the river, and she feared, with reason, that the water had carried it away.

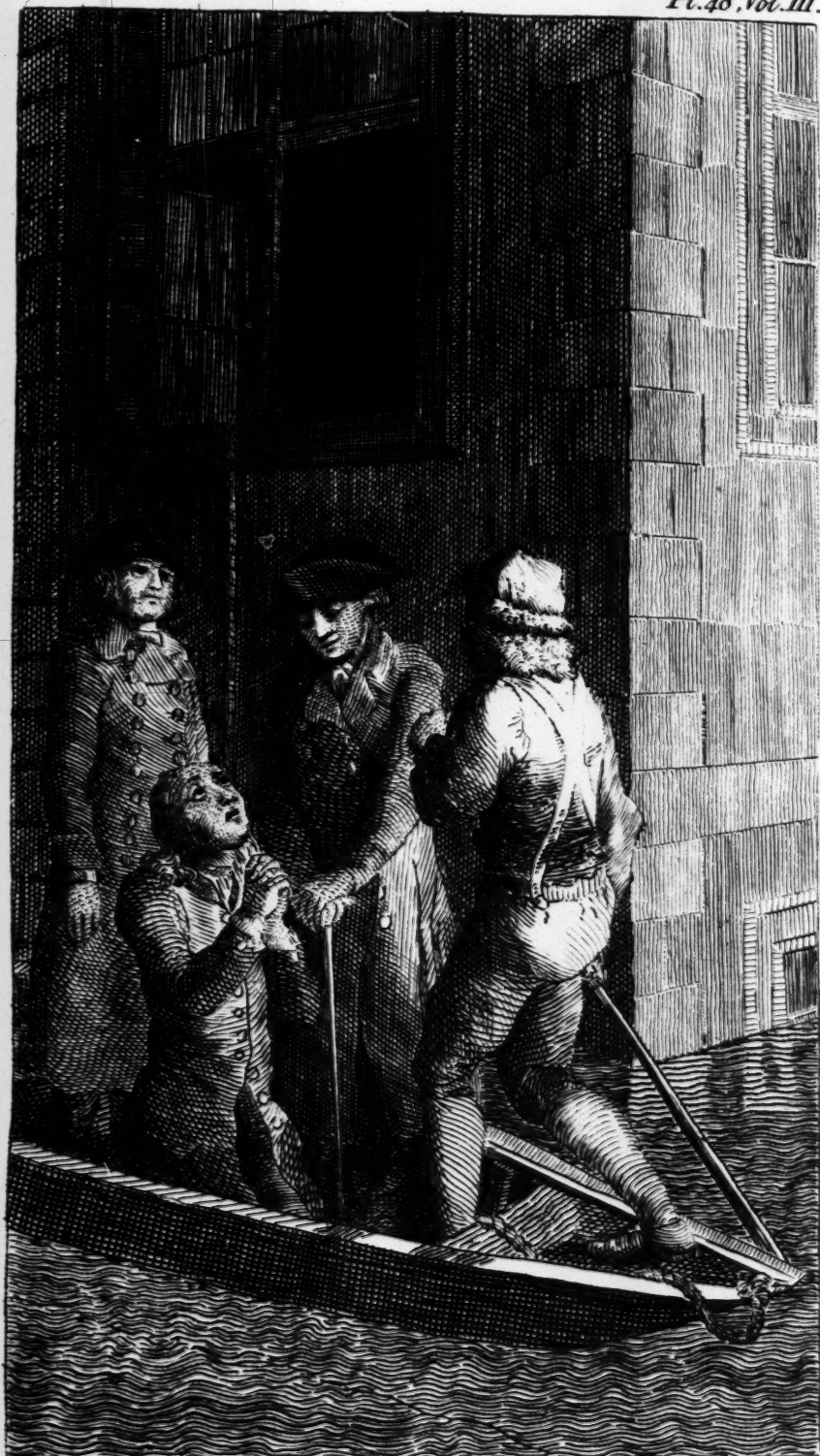
She had scarcely mentioned the summer-house, when Mr. Jones clasped his hands with terror, and said, where is honest Henry? Our poor Henry—What

is become of him? He must be drowned, or he will die of hunger. They were all shocked, and said, poor Henry! How could we so entirely forget him? What must we do? How shall we rescue him?

This instant, said Mr. Jones to his servants, this instant run to a waterman, and beg him, with some of his men, to go in a boat to save Henry, and I will gladly pay him whatever he asks.

The servant went, but Mr. Jones was so anxious, that he could not remain behind; he ran himself after the servant, and soon engaged a waterman, by the promise of a guinea, to row to the summer-house; not satisfied with this, he jumped himself into the boat, and his servant followed him. He took one of the oars, and rowed with all his might,
till





*O God, Thou hast had compassion on me !
Thou hast heard my prayer !*

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till he saw the summer-house, which indeed was in great danger: it stood in the midst of water, which had filled the chamber in which Henry slept, and had almost reached the little upper room. When they came near, they discovered him half out of the window, extending his arms towards them. They then redoubled their efforts—arrived—fastened the boat to the house, and threw a rope up to him, by which he might descend. Full of joy, he caught hold of the rope, fastened it to the window, and slipped down.

As soon as he came into the boat, he fell upon his knees, and cried out, *O God, Thou hast had compassion on me! Thou hast heard my prayer!* Then he rose and thanked Mr. Jones and the people who were with him very heartily for their having taken such care to save his life.

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Afterwards Mr. Jones asked him how he felt when he found himself in such great danger?

At first, said he, I thought I should soon die with terror. Yesterday evening I lay quietly down to rest; but scarcely had it struck twelve, when I heard a shaking and a noise in my room; I listened and slumbered again, but the noise still encreasing, I was soon broad awake; unable to stay any longer in bed, I sprung out, and stood up to the calves of my legs in water. I cannot describe how terrifying this was! I quickly snatched up my clothes, waded through the water till I came to the door, and ran up stairs to the room where you and Madam drink tea in the summer. But what did I afterwards endure! The wind raged against the windows, and whistled through the house; the waters made such
a dread-

a dreadful noise that I suspected nothing less than that the ground would give way under me. This morning, about five o'clock, the water entered the upper room, then I gave myself up for lost. It appeared certain that I should perish by hunger or water. At last I thought that God was with me, and at the same moment I began thus to pray to him: gracious God! Thou hast already preserved me fifty years in this world: Thou hast granted me many blessings which I ought to thank Thee for; and Thou wilt not even now abandon me: save me, if I can be of any use in the world—It is very easy to Thee. But if it is Thy will that I should now quit the world—behold me—here I am—my God! I am content. Thou art my dear Father, and I am Thy child: I must submit to whatever Thou thinkest fit—Do with me what Thou wilt!—It must be good, if it comes

from Thee.—I cannot express to you, Sir, how comfortably I felt after this prayer; such a pleasant hour have I not had for a great while. I felt, through my whole soul, that I was near God, and my fear vanished. I almost died with joy when I thought, should my gracious God leave me to die, he must know that death is better for me than life. Afterwards I stood upon the chair on which I had been sitting, and said, once more, cheerfully, Yes, gracious God, I am here—Do with me what seemeth best in Thy sight! Then I went to the window, looked out, and saw nothing but water around me, for no living soul could I see. For about three quarters of an hour did I look around—my thoughts still turned to God. When I discovered a boat, and saw that it rowed towards me, it seemed to me as if God himself was coming—
for

for I firmly believed, dear master, that God sent you to me.

Mr. Jones praised Henry's behaviour, and assured him that an ardent prayer was the best means to procure us comfort in trouble, and courage in danger. He added, that as soon as a man prayed to God, he must think of Him, and when he thought that he had such a good Master—such a tender Father, he would be brought into such a frame of mind as not to fear any thing. For when we resign ourselves entirely to God's pleasure, not presuming to point out, in the slightest way, what He should do with us, but firmly rely on Him, who made us, He will at all times provide what is best for us. This I have very often experienced, added he, and prayer has frequently comforted me, when in the deepest affliction.

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During this conversation, the boat had crossed the water. Mr. Jones paid the waterman very generously, and took Henry with him home. A tumult of joy rose in the house when he appeared. They brought him into a warm bed-chamber, and Mrs. Jones ran herself to bring him some broth. The servants gave him dry clothes; and the children seated themselves by him, and begged him to tell them what he had related to their father.

CHAP.

CHAPTER XLV.

AT the end of two days, the water returned back into its channel. The third day a strong wind blew, which dried the earth so quickly, that on the fourth Mr. Jones could take his children into the garden; but there they only saw a desolate waste; the water had carried away all the low plants and good ground, and left a quantity of rubbish and sand behind: some trees were torn up by the roots, and many that were nailed to the wall were broken down: the summer-house was very much injured, not only by the water, but by a part of the beautiful bridge, which the flood had driven against it. Wherever they looked they saw marks of devastation. The children began to lament and complain of the injury

which the flood had occasioned. Mr. Jones also looked very much disturbed, and said, *See, children, how powerful God is!* I have now for five years had this garden cultivated—I have laid out more than four hundred pounds on it—Many men have been employed, from morning till evening, to embellish it—And this bridge, which has been, you see, washed away, cost ten thousand pounds, and more than a hundred men have laboured at it. All this, in less than two days, has God levelled with the ground. What, in this great country, has been brought to some degree of perfection, by thousands of men, in a course of years, He has in a moment, as it were, destroyed. And do you know by what means He has done all this? By simple flakes of snow, which He made fall from the clouds, and afterwards become water. What He will, He can do! He
has



See Children how powerful God is!

Published by J. Johnson, March 15, 1791.



has not only the flakes of snow under His command, but all that the universe contains must do His will. With the smallest things He can produce the greatest effects. What, in comparison with man, is a caterpillar? nevertheless, when He causes these insects to multiply abundantly, He can, by their means, destroy the trees of a whole country. What is smaller than a drop of blood? yet, when it does not circulate through my body, but becomes corrupt, it will soon kill me. A single spark of fire, if it fell into combustible matter, in a few hours might burn our whole city to ashes; but all these things are under the direction of God; for by those same rays of the sun, by those same drops of water which fall from the clouds, He can in a short time produce such an immense quantity of vegetables, fruits and grain, that millions of men and animals are sup-

supported by them, without consuming all. My dear children, the God who can do all these things is your father and friend, and as long as you act properly, He will never employ His power, but to do you good;—you may live safely under His wing, if you avoid evil.

But, dear father, said Mary, I am not a wicked child; why has the good God destroyed my auriculas? and you, who are such a good father, why has He laid your garden waste?

You believe that I am a good father, answered Mr. Jones, nevertheless I do many things which you do not like. I often do not let you go into company, where you desire to be—I have often taken from you playthings, which gave you pleasure. You do not always know why, yet you think me a good father.

It

It is the same with God; He does many things which you do not like, but He is as far from designing to injure you as I am, when I sometimes take away your playthings.

Good morning, Mr. Jones, good morning; good morning, my dear children, cried a voice, suddenly; they turned quickly round, and saw—yes, they saw their old friend the Curate. Mr. Jones caught one hand, the children the other.

Oh, said the Curate, your garden presents a very melancholy prospect, but mine is still worse. My poor garden is quite destroyed,—my trees torn up,—my wall thrown down,—and the whole surface covered with sand and stones.

Have your apples also suffered? asked Charles.

Un-

Undoubtedly, replied the Curate.

Mr. Jones heartily pitied this good man; because he must far more sensibly feel his loss, since he was not rich, and could not easily spare the money necessary to rebuild his wall, and clear the rubbish out of his garden. He took him by the hand, and requested him to walk with him into his room, where they could converse more freely about this disaster.

As soon as they had seated themselves, the Curate said, My dear friend, I will in a few words tell you why I am now come; I want some money. If I wish not to see my garden a waste the whole year; if I expect to see nourishment for my wife and children again grow in it, it is absolutely necessary that I have it cleared away this week, and the wall rebuilt,

built, else the season will be past, and I shall not be able either to sow or plant in time: however, I have not so much money before-hand; I shall want at least twenty pounds: Will you lend me that sum?

How can you doubt it, dear friend, replied Mr. Jones; if you want a hundred, you shall have it. For this purpose has God especially given me money, that I should be able to help others. But, continued Mr. Jones, how happens it that you are so cheerful, after having sustained such a great loss? you seem as contented as if every thing had gone well.

And why should I be troubled? answered the Curate. Do I not assuredly know by whom my garden has been destroyed—God has done it; and when I know that He is goodness itself, can I believe

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believe that He meant to do me any harm? Through my whole life have I experienced that He cares for me, that He turns all evil from me, and so directs all the disappointments which I have to struggle with, that in the end they will be useful to me.

When I was a boy I once wished to cut a branch off a willow which hung over a stream, but I went so carelessly to work that I fell into it. The current carried me along—I saw the bank once again, and thought it was the last time that I should ever see it. But God was there, and rescued me by means of a beggar, who sat on the bank mending his tattered clothes. He quickly drew me out of the water—out of the jaws of death.

In my eighteenth year I had such a severe tooth-ache, that I was quite weary
of

of my life, and, God forgive me for it! I almost mistrusted Him; but through this violent pain, God brought me so to Himself, that I turned to Him, and learned to pray; and my prayer so calmed my mind, that I patiently endured the most excruciating anguish, till a friend pointed out a remedy. And how many times have I not since thanked God that He let me suffer, else I should never have prayed so heartily, nor have known the advantage of prayer.

When I was at the university, I had a burning fever, which tormented me during some weeks, and wasted all my strength; but when I again recovered, I remarked that this illness was sent me as a blessing from a gracious God; for I had always before been rather sickly, but this violent disorder purified my blood, and in my eighteenth year I had such a severe tooth-ache, that I was quite weary

and I found myself in better health than I had ever enjoyed.

When I came back from the University, I found in my neighbourhood an enemy, who said the most shameful things of me, behind my back, and even tried to exasperate the Rector against me, assuring him that I was a very ignorant, disorderly man. By these lies he drew his attention on me, so that he observed all my actions; and when he found that I was a good and orderly man, he gave me the curacy I now have. Thus God directed things in such a manner, that my enemy's malice contributed to my benefit.

In this curacy I had, indeed, at first, much care; my little income was not sufficient for the expences which I thought necessary; but I always hoped
that

that God would point out a method for me to get rid of these gnawing cares. My hope did not deceive me. I found in my old farmer a deliverer. He gave me such wise advice, that through it I was drawn out of all my distresses.

What I last year endured with my sick family, you know already; and how much we may all learn from the chamber of sickness, you also know. If I then have so long experienced the goodness of God, and so clearly perceive that he has ordered all my distresses for my good, Why should I not believe that He will do so still? *I have no care, for God cares for me.*

In this curacy I had, indeed, as little much care; my little income was not sufficient for the expenses which I thought necessary; but I always hoped that

CHAPTER XLVI.

Now they were called to dinner, and the Curate was not a little surpris'd, at not finding Mrs. Jones there. He immediately enquired after the cause of her absence, and was informed that she had caught cold the day before, and found herself so unwell in the morning, that she was obliged to keep her bed. The Curate was very sorry; but, during the meal, he tried to calm Mr. Jones's fears, and assured him, that if he would be attentive, he would certainly experience that this sickness also would lead to some good, since every thing God sends us was good, however bitter it might appear to us. Scarcely was the meal finished, when he began to prepare for his departure, and would not let himself be detained

detained by Mr. Jones's very pressing entreaties. Mr. Jones then counted out forty pounds; but he would not take more than twenty, because, he said, more was not necessary. In taking leave, he wished once more that Mr. Jones's dear wife's indisposition might only tend to make him better acquainted with the goodness of God.

Scarcely was he gone, when Mr. Jones flew to his wife's bed-side. He found her worse than he had supposed—her pulse beat very irregularly, and she complained of a pain in her head and a violent thirst. If Mr. Jones had not cherished the comfortable reflection, that all is good which a gracious God sends, this sight would quite have overcome him; but he recollected himself, and thought, Merciful God! my wife is in Thy hands—what thou hast determined will

will certainly happen—and nothing hurtful will Thou do to me!

He then sent immediately for a Physician, who gave him very little comfort; for going away, he said, dear Sir, do not regard your wife's illness as a slight one—she will require a great deal of our care. On hearing these words, Mr. Jones had need of all his fortitude, for his wife was inexpressibly dear to him, and every pang which she endured he felt as severely as if he had been attacked by it himself.

The following night was a dreadful one; the poor patient never closed her eyes—she groaned and was restless; and her pangs were sometimes so violent, that she grew delirious, and would get out of bed to go and see Mrs. Sandford. Mr. Jones never left her bed-side, and tried,

tried, in the most persuasive accents, to compose her. In the morning she was a little better, but felt herself extremely weak. The two following nights were passed in the same distressing manner, and the day after she was so exhausted that she could scarcely speak a word.

The fourth day, when the Physician visited her, she said to him, with a trembling voice, dear Sir, I have a request to make to you; tell me sincerely, do you believe that I shall die?—I fear not death! The doctor was silent, and shrugged up his shoulders. You think that I shall die? said she. Well—I am prepared—Thy will, Oh my God, be done! She then made signs to the Physician to leave her, and let her husband and children draw near.

They came, with eyes swimming in tears, trying to restrain their sobs, and

K

hiding

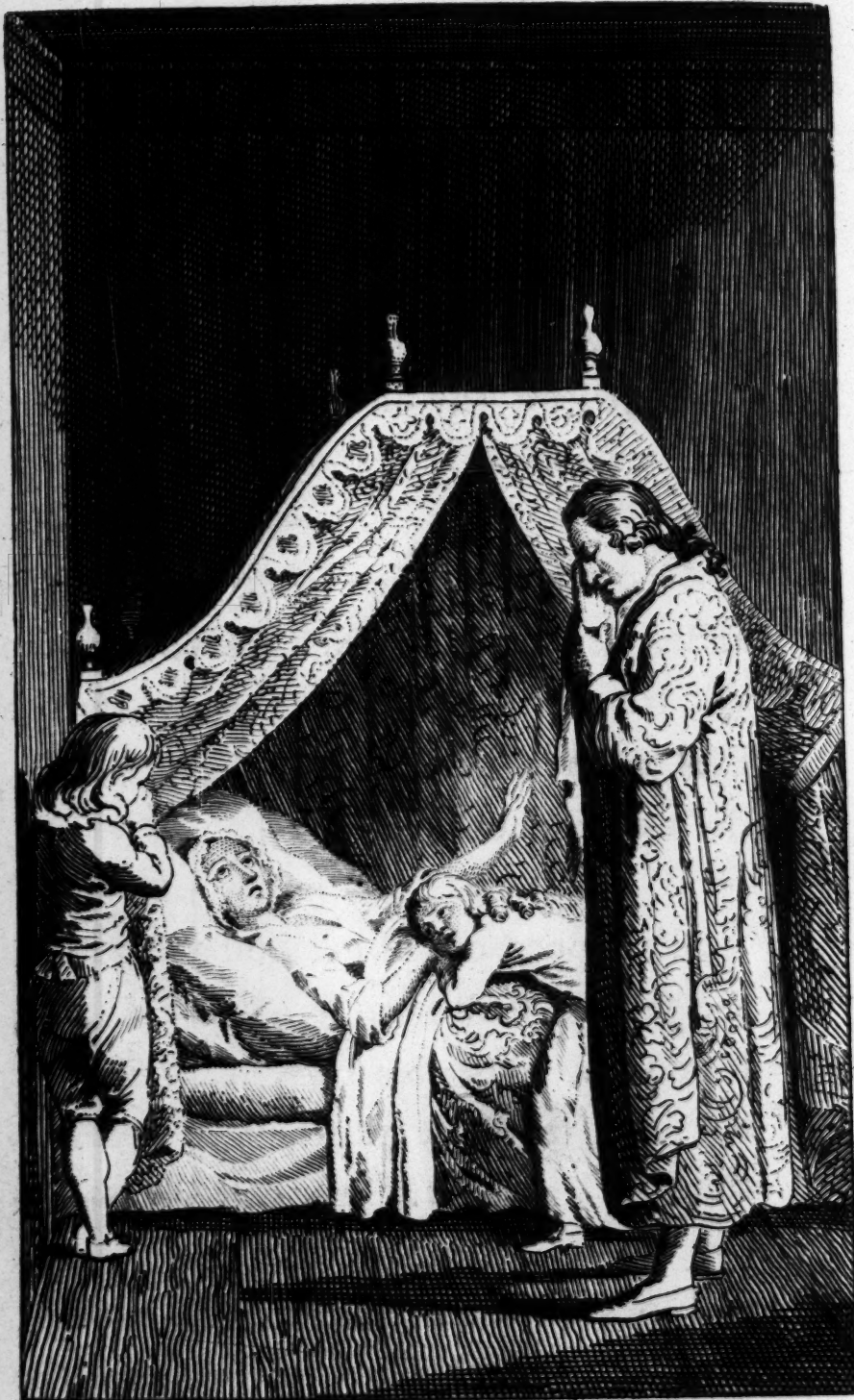
hiding their faces with their handkerchiefs. Weep not, my loves, said she; do not disturb my last earnest prayer!

Then she collected all her strength—folded her hands together—raised her eyes to heaven, and prayed aloud: Gracious God! I thank Thee, for all the goodness Thou hast shewn me in this life—for every pleasure Thou hast granted me—for all the discipline Thou hast imposed on me. Now Thou callest me to Thyself—here I am, my God—confiding in Thy love, I come to Thee—be gracious to me, Oh! my Father, be my husband's and children's Father.

She was interrupted, because her husband and children now wept so loud that her weak voice could no more be heard.

But





My Spirit is immortal, and goes to God.

Published by J. Johnson, March 25, 1791.

But she soon made a fresh effort—
 turned herself to her husband, and said;
 I thank you, I thank you, dear husband,
 for all the love and esteem which you
 have shewn me ever since our marriage.
 God reward thy love! God bless thee!
 Farewell——

He fell upon her neck, and almost
 stifled her with kisses and tears; and the
 children cried, Oh, dear mother, do not
 die! mother! dear mother! Ah, mother,
 do not leave us!

She slipped out of her husband's arms,
 and said, I shall not die, dear children!
 I only lay aside this body, as doth the
 butterfly the hull in which it was in-
 closed. *The spirit is immortal and goes to*
God, to whom we must all go, and He
 will reward each accordingly as they
 have acted in this life; the wicked He

will punish—the good place in a better situation, and reward them.—Be good, dear children—obey your tender father—offend no one—be affectionate to all men—think at all times that God sees you, He, to whom I, your mother, am now going; so shall we soon in a better world all meet together, and live in eternal happiness. God be merciful to me! Pardon my faults! I—fall—into Thy arms—Oh Thou great Father of us all!—Here she lost her voice, and sunk motionless on her pillow.

With much difficulty Mr. Jones brought her so far to herself, that she again opened her eyes—but she could speak no more. Her eyes were fixed on her husband and children, and she exerted all her strength, still to shew them, by signs, how much she loved them. Her heart began to beat more violently—she had a rattling

in

in her throat—her limbs were motionless, and a cold sweat was spread over her whole body. In this condition she laid two hours—then her spirit departed.

It is impossible to describe the lamentations which her death caused. Husband and children, Mr. Noel and the clerks, men and maids, all wept bitterly, and exclaimed,—Ah, the best of wives! the good mother! our kind mistress, have we lost you! how sad will the house be when you are no more there! Oh mistress! mother!

The following day her corpse was laid in the coffin in which she was to be buried. Then the lamentations grew still louder. As soon as the news was spread over the city that Mrs. Jones was departed out of this world, a number of poor collected themselves from every cor-

ner, to see her corpse. And when they saw her, lamented over her—My benefactress—My more than mother!—My support when I had no one to help me!—Best of women! best of women! echoed through the whole house. A woman rushed through the croud, and seized her cold hand. God, God bless you! dear woman, for all the good you have done to me. You brought me up, a poor orphan—I could not reward thee! but God, with whom thou now art, He will reward thee; and when I come to the judgment seat of God, I will tell how thou educatedst a helpless child;—He alone can bless thee as thou deservest to be blessed.

Afterwards the body was carried to the grave; a great crowd of people followed the funeral, and as they followed, resounded her praise.

When

When Mr. Jones returned from the funeral, he sunk almost lifeless on a sofa, and his children ran mournfully to him. Dear children, said he to them, the greatest comfort I had in this world God has taken from me. Your dear mother He has called to Himself, to reward her for all the love she has shewn us, and such a number of poor people. Now, there is nothing so dear in the world to me as you. If you should become wicked, I shall not long remain in this world—grief would soon bring me also to the grave. But if you are good, obedient, industrious children, and attend to truth, I shall still find some comfort even after the loss of your mother.

The children kissed his hands,—bathed them with their tears, and promised him, that they would implicitly obey his will.

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They kept their word. They grew up, and Mary became as benevolent, sincere, and complaisant, as her mother had been; and those who knew her mother, used to say, this is another Mrs. Jones. And Charles became a worthy man, who by his activity and benevolence gained the affection and respect of all his friends and acquaintance.

For a long time Mr. Jones saw in the conduct of his children the fruits of the good lessons which he and his wife had given them: and though in the following years he considerably increased his fortune, yet he was still more and more convinced, that among all his treasures, he found nothing that afforded him so much pleasure as the gratitude of his children; and their good behaviour rewarded him for the pains which their education cost him.

F I N

